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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IN six judgments the Supreme Court of the United States has raked the New Deal fore and aft, and only one of them (on the gold clause) was favourable. The last, delivered on Monday, is the most fatal. It supports a cotton ginning company in its refusal to pay the processing tax. Even this blow could have been parried. But in their judgment six of the nine judges declare the entire Agricultural Adjustment Agency (A.A.A.) an unconstitutional infringement of State rights. The six brushed aside the defence that this policy fell within the "general welfare" clause (which empowers the United States to tax for purposes of defence, the payment of debt, and the "general welfare" of the Federation) on the ground that the Triple A promoted local not national welfare, i.e., that the farmers (whose prices it had raised to parity with industrial prices) are a section of the community and not the whole. Events may demonstrate the falsity of this reasoning, for if agricultural prices now sink back to the slump level, industry also will lapse again into depression. The judgment sets a staggering problem to the Administration. Some amendment of the Constitution seems inevitable. But will the President dare to campaign against the Court, or will he quietly fight on other grounds, and raise this issue only after re-election?

Finance and War

The determination of the United States to remain neutral in the next war has naturally heightened the interest in the discussions now proceeding in Washington regarding her embroilment in the last. Mr. J. P. Morgan's evidence before the Munitions Committee of the Senate will certainly further exacerbate public feeling against high finance. He declared, of course, that American intervention was due, not to financial pressure, but to "German insults and injuries." He and his partners always wanted the Allies to win, but this was solely the outcome of their fear that a German victory would have meant the destruction of world liberties—an altruistic sentiment which would have passed with less question had it not then been revealed that Morgans acted as purchasing agent for £600,000,000 worth of materials sold to Great Britain and France, and received from the transaction the trifling commission of £6,000,000. The inquiry showed that the ban on loans was lifted in 1915; and Mr. Morgan admitted that "neutrality was the Government's affair, the bankers had nothing to do with it." Senator Nye seems to have strengthened his case against big business as a factor leading to American intervention. The American people may, of course, accept Mr. Morgan's pose as a champion of liberty at its face value; they are more likely to assume that banking interests supported America's entry into the war as the only safeguard of a highly lucrative investment.

The Armament Makers' Defence

Meanwhile in this country the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of Arms has reached a singularly interesting point. Unfortunately on some of the most important matters Sir Herbert Lawrence and Sir Charles Craven have succeeded in persuading the Commission to keep their evidence secret. Their main argument is the familiar one that private manufacture enables us to export arms and therefore to keep up a larger armament plant in readiness for war than we could afford if the industry were State-owned. This argument fits in with Sir Herbert Lawrence's statement that ideals about the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war are exaggerated and mistaken. Sir Charles Craven gave a delightful explanation of his letter to Mr. Spear of the Electric Boat Company about his friend, the Director of Contracts in the Admiralty. It is remarkable that this letter, widely discussed when it first appeared during the American Arms Inquiry, was not published in the *Times* and is still unreported in the *Times* even when it has been read out before the present British Commission. Sir Charles explained that he was not writing in " ordinary business language but in colloquial language such as is used when writing to personal friends." We had never imagined that he would have boasted of having pull with the Director of Contracts if he had thought the letter was for publication. We must reserve further comment until the completion of such of Messrs. Vickers' evidence as will be available to the public.

Japan's Intentions

The Naval Conference, which never had a chance of success, seems on the point of breaking up in the face of Japanese demands. Meanwhile a new suspicion has arisen that Japan is constructing naval bases on the Pacific islands which she controls as mandates from the League. The Japanese protests of innocence would not deceive a schoolchild and have not succeeded in convincing the League Commissioners. The whole programme is revealed more openly in the Tokyo press. The Oxford Union " King and Country " motion and Mr. Baldwin's references to the weakness of the British Navy are quoted in the same breath to prove the decadence of Great Britain. England's " military and industrial decline " is stressed and the rising Japanese nation is called upon to seize the " effete " British Empire. Perhaps the British Government is already regretting its refusal to act in conjunction with America and the League in the early days of the Manchurian dispute. Those who hoped for a renewal of the Japanese naval alliance and a share in the spoils of a dismembered China have been speedily disillusioned. If Japan continues to cast envious glances at the British Empire and all hopes of naval agreement come to nothing, some decision on our future Far Eastern policy cannot be much longer postponed. The Japanese Foreign Office this week expressed its willingness to negotiate on all questions affecting Anglo-Japanese relations on condition that the problem of China is not discussed separately. In short, the League, which was the only method of security for peace and for the Empire, is ruled out. Will our imperialists who have brought about this happy state of affairs, now quietly accept the inevitable decay of British power in the East? It is not the sort of end we should have wished for the British Empire, but the sooner we all make up our minds to it, the better.

Danzig

The question of Danzig is again to come up before the Council of the League this month. The Nazi regime there has been making the most of the preoccupations of the League, and is masking its unpopularity by more high-handed actions and uglier threats against the Opposition parties. In September the League protested against infringements of the Constitution, for the maintenance of which it is responsible, and the chief Opposition newspapers have been suppressed since this protest. On December 7th the Trade Union organisation of the Danzig workers was arbitrarily dissolved because of its protests against the deportation of some thousands of workers to Germany. Not only Greiser, the President of the Senate, but eminent visitors from Germany like Gauleiter Sauckel have been making provocative speeches and declaring that it is time for Danzig to throw off the yoke of the League. On November 26th a particularly crude attack upon Dr. Weise, the leader of the Nationalist party, occurred at police headquarters where he had gone to defend a friend who was subsequently acquitted. Weise was knocked down by an S.S. man under the eyes of detectives who made no attempt to interfere, and, though a robust man of about 38, he was confined to his bed for three weeks by his injuries. The Opposition continue to demand fresh elections. The last elections occurred in April, and in November the Supreme Court admitted that these had been held under conditions of terrorism, but it only transferred one Nazi seat in the Diet to the Social Democrats.

The Bank of France

The Bank of France rules whenever a French Government is hard pressed for funds—which is almost always. To-day it supports M. Laval, and in the present circumstances no Premier could last long without its support. But the Bank may have to retreat, just as M. Laval has had time after time to retreat. It is unlikely that its opposition will prevent Soviet Russia from receiving the proposed credit for expenditure on goods in France, just as it is unlikely that M. Laval can succeed in preventing the ratification of the Franco-Russian pact. Sooner or later the Bank will have to give way about devaluation. In conversation, almost every expert or person in authority agrees that France cannot remain on gold. Some of the Regents of the Bank are now themselves convinced devaluationists. Only the " Old Guard " of the Bank's permanent staff remain inexorable, and the Government's nominees among the Regents have been warned by M. Laval that if they too turn devaluationist that will be a signal for their replacement. Just before Christmas a highly placed French financial authority composed a fully elaborated memorandum, arguing that devaluation could not in any case be long avoided and that the sooner it was done, the less devaluation would be necessary and the less the internal panic. Copies went to certain Cabinet Ministers as well as to the Bank and M. Laval. Just before the 1936 Budget was passed last week, the Senate's Financial Committee reported that the statutory limits on the issue of Government paper had been exceeded by over 1,000 million francs. In a few weeks time the Treasury will be virtually empty. M. Laval and the " Old Guard " are engaged in a race with time. It is to their interests to keep the franc on gold until after the election, just as it is in the interests of their opponents for France to go off gold while the present Government is in office. The internal political situation depends on the Government's success in postponing what every expert knows to be inevitable.

Better Prospects for Education

The new circular issued by the Board of Education is a welcome sign that the restrictive policy of the last few years is to be relaxed, that the hand of the Treasury is to weigh less heavily on children, and that some advance, at least, is to be expected in almost every branch of educational activity. The raising of the school-leaving age, even in the very partial form suggested, the improvement of defective premises and the diminution in the size of classes will involve a large building programme. The grant from the Board is therefore raised from 20 to 50 per cent. The maximum limiting the number of special places in secondary schools is abolished; grants for State scholarships to Universities and the conveyance of children to school in rural areas are increased; local authorities are encouraged to survey—we hope with a view to action—the miserable provision for nursery schools, the still inadequate medical services and the adult and technical education within their areas. None of these reforms need legislation; all of them within their limited sphere are in the right direction.

The School-leaving Age

The legislative programme for education is less encouraging. The three great national associations of educational administrators, representing the County Councils, the Municipal Corporations and Education Committees, have all urged that the school-leaving age shall be raised to fifteen without "exemptions." The uninitiated may imagine that the Government proposal is generally to raise the age with exemptions only for exceptional cases. The experts agree that if the Government's present proposal goes through the exemptions in many parts of the country will be the rule and the extra year at school the exception. Alderman Aitken, formerly President of the Association of Education Committees, contributed a vigorous letter on this subject to the *Manchester Guardian* last Monday. He pointed out that the Government's effort to escape the increased expenditure on maintenance allowances for the poorer part of the population is peculiarly mean in view of the fact that income-tax payers already receive an allowance for the maintenance of their children at school. He writes:

> With tax at its present rate of 4*s*. 6*d*. in the pound, it follows that, in effect, the Government make a maintenance grant to the income-tax payer parent of any child, however long such child remains at school or university, of an amount equivalent to £11 5*s*. per annum.

We know of no answer to his argument that the reason for an allowance is better education in the national interest, and that this applies as much to the poor as to the less poor.

The Coal Dispute

The colliery owners produced their rabbits out of the hat on Wednesday. They proved to be of very uneven sizes—some of them very little ones indeed. Broadly, the position is that certain of the Midland districts have offered 1*s*. a shift—half the miners' claim—and others, including Yorkshire, 9*d*. a shift. Scotland also offers 9*d*. The exporting districts, such as Durham, have offered 6d. or less, South Wales producing the worst offer among the important districts. The offers for non-adults are usually half those for adults; and in some areas lower offers are made to workers on the surface than to underground workers. In one or two instances the proposals discriminate in favour of the lowest paid miners, but not in most. There was, of course, no chance of the Mine Workers' Federation accepting these offers, which both violate the principle of "uniformity" made by the Miners' Conference and are regarded as wholly inadequate in most of the larger areas. The miners' leaders, after receiving the owners' proposals, paid yet another call at the Mines Department, and received yet another refusal from the Government to be of any help by way of either subsidy or loan. There, as we write, the matter stands, with a strong probability that strike notices will be handed in, but that negotiations will continue while they are running out. There is some suggestion of a National Pool for equalising the advantage over the whole country—perhaps at 9*d*. a shift—but the owners are practically certain to reject this. It is not easy to see how a strike can be avoided unless either the owners offer much better terms or the Government radically alters its *non possumus* attitude.

The Clan MacDonald

The task of securing a safe return to the House of Commons for the MacDonald family has involved a display of wire-pulling more typical of eighteenth than of nineteenth-century politics. After an unpleasant amount of boggling, the official Conservatives have finally accepted Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for the Scottish Universities' seat which he did his best to abolish not so long ago. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is finding the road back to Westminster even more difficult and his prospects are by no means bright. The Conservatives of Ross and Cromarty, now making their first incursion into politics since 1911, have failed to grasp the subtler implications of National Government. They decided against Mr. MacDonald without even giving him a chance of explaining the urgency of accepting him in order to maintain the national character of the administration. It is more than ever apparent that those who plead that there should be no return to party politics are mainly those who have no party to which to return. The most curious comment so far was made by an outraged Conservative who said that "if Mr. MacDonald were elected the red flag would fly over Ross-shire." Does he regard all members of the MacDonald clan as red revolutionaries, or did he mean that if Mr. MacDonald stood, the Socialist might well be returned? That is at least a possible upshot, since it seems likely that, instead of having all the national forces behind him, Mr. MacDonald will be opposed by Mr. Randolph Churchill representing a large section of the Conservatives, and possibly by an Independent Liberal as well as the Scottish Nationalist candidate. Scotland is at least making a protest against the growing tendency for central politics associations to treat "safe" seats as pocket boroughs.

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WHICH SORT OF LEAGUE ?

AFTER a denunciation of the Fascist policy of aggression incomparably more outspoken than any European statesman has risked, Mr. Roosevelt in his Message to Congress concluded in favour of a blameless neutrality. It seemed at a first glance a *non sequitur*, but this is to misread its intention. In fact, since Ethiopia never had any trade with the United States, this victim of Italian aggression is not injured by a still tighter prohibition of exports. The whole burden of the proposed stiffening of the Neutrality Act falls and is intended to fall on Italy.

American opinion is bent with an almost religious fervour on keeping out of European wars. Looking back, as Americans do, with nearly unanimous regret on their entanglement in the World War, they doubt their ability in future to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty belligerent. They have adopted, almost without debate, a new conception of Neutrality. Twice their traditional insistence on a neutral's right to trade with belligerents involved them in war with European Powers. What happened in 1812 and 1917 shall never happen again. So with its eyes fixed with apprehension on an Old World that rearms for the next struggle, the United States prepares itself for the extremest form of isolation. It has served notice on us all that its industry and its agricultural resources will not again be at the disposal of our War Offices, nor will our military transport be enabled to draw fuel from American wells. It is a momentous decision, which will probably have the unfortunate incidental effect of aggravating the world's present tendency towards self-sufficiency and Imperialism. For if one cannot draw in the hour of danger on America's raw materials, one must either find synthetic substitutes or else raise the oil and cotton in one's own subject territories overseas. Impartial though it sounds, it will in fact affect the various possible belligerents in highly unequal degrees. The British Empire and the Soviet Union will suffer least. The three dictatorships that Mr. Roosevelt lashed in his Message will fare the worst—Germany, Italy, Japan. But France is also touched. How far the Act, when it finally passes through both Houses, will admit of exceptions it is too early to say. Provision for some discrimination between belligerents in difficult cases there will probably be, but only if Congress is in full agreement with the President.

Oddly enough, America, while enacting this rigid conception of Neutrality, has rarely felt less neutral. She has few illusions about Geneva; she does not idealise Downing Street; but she is whole-hearted in her condemnation of Mussolini's adventure. The immediate purpose of the salient amendment to this Act is to strengthen the League's hands. It may be (as most Americans think) timid, dilatory and half-hearted, but it shall not have the excuse that America stood in the way of an effective embargo on oil. The President will be empowered to ration strictly such supplies as may still reach Italy for normal civilian use. Since her purchases have been for many months in excess of her normal supply, the quota to which she will in future be entitled will probably be modest. It lies then with the League to avail itself of this opportunity. If it chooses to cut off oil from the aggressor's tanks and bombing planes, it may reckon on America's co-operation.

The positive argument for cutting off oil is simple and cogent. This is the one economic sanction that can have a prompt effect on the military operations. Allow for the fact that the Duce has had ample notice and has laid in large stocks. Deny him further supplies from League sources, and it is fairly certain that he could not hope to resume mechanised warfare when the dry season comes again in October. His advance has been halted, and he himself admits the necessity for a two months' pause. His armies in this Alpine wilderness are immobilised under their own weight. The joint effect of the climate and an oil embargo would therefore seem to be that he has won all the ground that he will ever be capable of winning. Even on this ground he holds only two or three disconnected lines of advance along dirt tracks: he has not occupied even the country that stretches between these lines. If this is the best he can hope to do, he faces certain defeat from the date on which an embargo comes into force. Even these slight gains would become rather a liability than a bargaining asset. The League, if once it had firmly taken this decision, could end the war promptly on its own terms.

Three counter-arguments may be advanced. It may be said that the Ethiopians are doing well enough: with the aid of the mountains and the rains they will in time wear the Italians down, even if all of us fill their oil-tanks. It may be so, but in that event the conclusion will be, not that the Covenant has been enforced by the civilised world, but that Africa has eaten up a rash invader. Or again, it may be said that the sanctions already in force are adequate. Of that we see no evidence. Certainly they do not embarrass Italy in the actual conduct of the war. At this stage their chief apparent effect has been to rouse the combative spirit of the Italian people. The utmost that can be predicted with sobriety is that very gradually and very slowly they may make life for the poorer strata of the population at home so difficult and painful that mass discontent may force the Dictator to yield. In words this case may sound plausible, but do those who rely on it recollect vividly the extremes of misery that Central Europe endured through four years before the collapse came? In this reckoning we see no early promise of an end to the war.

The third argument is that which drove Sir Samuel Hoare to propose the partition of Abyssinia—the fear of an attack by Italian bombers on the British fleet. One may debate endlessly whether this is empty bluff; whether battleships are able to ward off the attacks of bombers or speed-boats; whether the other Mediterranean Powers, by placing at the disposal of the British fleet the whole Dalmatian coast, Corfu and the Greek islands, could render substantial help; whether the French, who are at last moving their Atlantic fleet towards the gate of the Mediterranean would, after all, give prompt aid; what finally might happen in Vienna if Italy risked an act of war against the League. Our own tendency is to doubt whether the Duce would really challenge the combined British and French navies, and it may be argued that if he is mad enough to attack the League Powers because his Abyssinian campaign is a failure, then he will do so whether there is an oil embargo or not. But the risk undoubtedly exists and it would be increased by the oil embargo. Unfortunately it is a risk which it is difficult to measure.

What is, however, clear, is that if the League recoils before this threat, any conception of it as a judicial body wielding police powers is at an end. The aggressor, by a threat of violence, will actually have compelled the League Powers to supply him with fuel wherewith to commit his aggression. This invading army marches on British and Russian oil, and it does so because the biggest of the world's warships dare not, in this cause, face an Italian bombing-plane. A more humiliating end to the conception of collective security it would be difficult to imagine. The moral, needless to say, will be drawn in Berlin and Tokyo as well as in Rome. Hitler, too, has bombing-planes with which to extort oil for a march over his Eastern frontiers. Something, doubtless, would remain — the League of the Hoare-Laval plan. Dropping all pretence of covenanted justice, it might still play a minor part in compounding felonies and rounding off the ragged edges of conquests. That choice has to be made on the narrow issue of oil before this month is out.

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE NEW DEAL?

To find America, after a two months' stay, only moderately interesting, was for this traveller a new experience. I had last seen New York in the grip of the banking crisis. Every second person to whom one then talked, from taximen to professors, looked to Mr. Roosevelt as a Messiah. Thereafter, for a year or more, even one's friends on the Left spoke of the New Deal in a language of excited optimism that was not a little bewildering. To-day one has a perception of shrinkage. Everything is considerably smaller—the stature of the President, the dimensions of the crisis, the creative ambitions of the New Dealers, the hopes of the average man. If anything has grown, it is the fury of the conservatives, who talk of this smiling President much as our own Tories used to talk of Mr. Lloyd George in his Limehouse days. Save for their anger, this continent has turned moderate. Business shows a moderate recovery, and the enthusiasm of the liberals a moderate slump. The creative rage is over. The permanent outlines of the America one used to know emerge again, like skyscrapers rising at Battery Point above an autumnal mist—the towering shape of Big Business, the massive bulk at which political regulation chisels in vain, the rigid Constitution, the conservative Supreme Court.

"But after all," the reader may say, "Is anything left of the New Deal? Has not the Supreme Court upset all its legal foundations?" That is so, and there is more to come. This week's verdict against its entire agricultural policy is more sweeping than the Administration had expected. It was prepared for the loss of the Processing Tax, and had a Sales Tax ready to take its place. The blow looks staggering, for it seems to impose on the Federal Government the most rigid limitations of *laisser faire*. The Court virtually forbids any regulative activity whether in the field of industry or agriculture, and we must expect that it will take the same view of labour legislation. But the chaos involved in the total loss of the A.A.A. would be so intolerable and would so rapidly smash such recovery as there is, that I believe a way round this prohibition must be found. Clumsily and with some gaps I think that local equivalents of the A.A.A. will be built up in each State before the spring crops are sown. The farmers' vote is strong enough to compel even conservative governors to act. Certainly I found that from a distance we had all exaggerated the effect of the previous judgments of the Supreme Court.

The New Deal meant primarily three things, and until this week all of them remained nearly intact. First, it meant the rescue of the farmer from total bankruptcy. Parity between agricultural and industrial prices at the pre-slump level has been on the whole achieved, and as a consequence the farmer's buying power has been in great measure restored. Secondly, though the National Recovery Act has been declared unconstitutional, it is still true, however surprising this may be, that its achievements survive, though there is no legal right to enforce them. Industry is still organised in voluntary rings, which maintain prices, though they have ceased to raise them, and do in the main preserve the gains in wages and conditions that fell to the lower strata of the workers. There has, indeed, been some whittling at the Codes, chiefly in the South and in the retail trades. Strikes to maintain these gains are fairly frequent, and even in New York one may see the Union pickets pacing rapidly, with their spoken and printed appeals, before a not inconsiderable number of stores. One feels that the outlook for labour is precarious, both as regards wages and collective bargaining, for save in a few exceptional trades it failed miserably to take its opportunity for organisation. It will go on failing, unless the Left, now under the leadership of John F. Lewis, the miners' President, can drive the incredibly conservative American Federation of Labour towards industrial unionism. None the less, it is still broadly true that the gains of the New Deal in the matter of wages, hours and child labour have been held. Thirdly, through public works and relief there is still injected into circulation an immense though diminishing flood of dollars, which goes to maintain the demand for consumers' goods. In all these three ways, then—by increasing the buying power of the farmers, the poorer workers and the unemployed—the immediate object at which the New Deal aimed has been in a measure attained. The result is a moderate business recovery.

Statistics bear witness to this recovery. The "business index" of the *New York Times* stood for the last week of the Old Year at 96.5. This figure is a percentage of an "estimated normal," which was last recorded as a fact in the second quarter of 1930, after the index had risen to 113 in the middle of the boom year, 1929: "normal," that is to say, means much less than maximum potential activity. The encouraging aspect of this index is that its movement throughout 1935 was steady (from 80 to 96): for the first time it hardly sagged in its ascent. The discouraging aspect of it is that the circulation of physical goods, as measured by railway freight car loadings, is at 69.4 seriously behind production, though it too has risen steadily. Another indication may be worth quoting—the total of national income compiled by the Department of Commerce. This stood in 1929 at the colossal figure of 81 billion dollars; dropped in 1932 to 39½ billions; had risen in 1934 to 48½ billions, and promised to stand for 1935 at an estimated 57 billions. "Prosperity," as Americans have known it, is still far ahead: but "normalcy" (to use President Harding's ugly word) is apparently in sight—for business, but not yet for the masses.

Here we reach the paradox of the New Deal. Business is nearly "normal," yet unemployment is only somewhat less terrible than it was. Here as usual the official statistics fail us. The reckonings of the American Federation of Labour are, however, received with respect. It estimated that 15 million Americans were unemployed at the worst moment of the slump; it reckons 11 million unemployed to-day. It includes, however, in this total the 3½ million men employed on emergency (W.P.A.) public works (mainly "made" work paid on a quasi-charitable basis, at rates somewhat below the prevailing levels) and also the half-million young men in the Civilian Conservation Corps. The Administration figures for five wholly idle millions actually on relief, not including their dependents. There are, then, at this nearly "normal" moment, perhaps seven, certainly five, millions totally unemployed, and there would be another 3½ millions if the "made" work—much of it of doubtful utility—were to cease.

These are ominous figures. They seem to mean that failing one of two things, either a big increase in world trade and the resumption of export at the old figure, or else a great expansion of the internal market, the American system must carry a permanent burden of unemployed workers of at least six millions, and some say eight. The lower figure, in the ratio of population, would answer to two millions in our island. I found the average middle-class man disposed to acquiesce in this figure, with no sense of defeat: it is one of the "overheads" that business must carry. The President gave on October 30th some figures that have a bearing on this phenomenon. Taking as his basis 1930 (as a whole a less than "normal" year) he said that in 1935 industrial production now stood at 90 per cent., while the number of the employed had dropped to 82 and their total earnings to 74 per cent. The last figure may be disregarded, since the cost of living has dropped substantially. But the second figure is alarming, since it shows that under the New Deal tighter organisation and harder driving enables fewer men to produce more goods, even when (as is generally the case to-day) no new machinery has been installed.

In criticising this result American progressives agree in their censures on the President's attitude to public works. Bent on spending the maximum on wages, the Administration has chosen only schemes that required little expenditure on material. There has been, therefore, little improvement in the permanent equipment of this nation, and the revival in the constructional trades has been slow—though steel ingot production (thanks in part to re-armament) now stands at 79 per cent. of "normal." The hope of an ambitious housing scheme faded, as the real estate interests, which often control municipal government, hardened into opposition. There has been a little slum clearage, some building of garden suburbs with the aid of federal credit, and a good deal of similarly assisted repair and reconstruction work. But the scale of it all has been small, whether one measures it against the need of the poorer part of the population, or the distress of the building industry. This was both bad economics and poor politics. Assuredly there has been some fine and imaginative work, notably the Tennessee Valley Scheme (now in mortal danger), certainly the campaign against soil erosion, and perhaps the Florida Ship Canal, but in general public works rank as a grave disappointment.

One man in this Administration, to my thinking by far its ablest and most attractive figure, sees clearly enough where the achievement halts. Mr. Wallace has to his credit that he has subjected agricultural production to quantitative planning. It distresses him that he has had to use the new technique only for contraction, but he insists that it could as well be used for a regulated expansion. How to attain it? He spends his considerable powers of persuasion (as yet with small visible effect) on the attempt to make a creditor nation understand that it ought to have a "passive" balance of foreign trade. From that he will turn to figures which measure the actual under-nourishment of the poorer stratum of the industrial working class. If the income of seven million underpaid families could be raised from $1,500 to $2,000 per annum, agricultural production could be expanded by 15 to 20 per cent. But how, given the Supreme Court, can it be raised?

On such lines moves the best as well as the shoddiest thinking of this Republic. The enthusiasm for a new type of regulated capitalism is fading. Few envisage any change in the organisation, motive or ownership of capitalist production. America has not begun to conceive a shift in the distribution of economic power. What it is thinking about, sometimes sanely, often crazily, is as yet only the more equitable distribution of income. This is the theme of the quasi-fascist demagogues, the late Huey Long and Father Coughlin, and of the Townsend Planners, whose promise of an old-age pension of £40 a month is greedily swallowed by gullible millions. It inspires the veterans' bonus claim. It emerged as a timid increase in taxation under a clap-trap slogan ("soak the rich") in the last Budget. It probably will inspire, so I gathered, the chief future efforts of the New Deal. The idea is to move towards a differentiated income tax which will penalise anti-social, or as the President would say, "unethical," forms of wealth, notably the gains of speculation. As the creative and constructive impulse of the New Deal weakens, its emphasis falls on distribution. And this, given the Constitution, is inevitable. Until it is drastically amended, constructive control of industry, even on liberal lines, is barely possible. But within limits the weapon of taxation may be used.

When I sailed, just before Christmas, no sober observer expected that the President would dare to raise the issue of the Supreme Court and the Constitution at the coming election. The Court plays in America the part of our House of Lords, but it has, even among the masses, a prestige that the Lords never enjoyed. Progressives of high courage assured me that to challenge it would be the most fatal course the President could adopt—though all of them in private regard it simply as the tool of Big Business. Will this last judgment compel him to fight? It may be so, but I incline to doubt it. The odds are, I think, that he will rely on the fears of farmers and workers that the Republicans will cut relief. The more conservatives growl over lavish expenditure, the more acute will be the anxiety of the masses. The decisive vote which will re-elect Mr. Roosevelt will be cast by the millions who now have a vested interest in the least constructive aspect of the New Deal.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

SOME years ago I spent a fortnight on a battleship. As an organisation, as a triumph of skill, discipline and precision, it impressed me beyond anything I had ever seen in my life. On shore doubts took shape. The thing had cost six or seven million pounds and it was meant to kill people. Assuming that instruments of destruction are necessary, are battleships in modern conditions efficient instruments of destruction? Officers spoke of the dangers of the aerial torpedo and I heard arguments about whether or not a battleship could be destroyed by a squadron of bombers. Then came the Jubilee review. The fleet was the most marvellous thing in the world: and the new anti-aircraft guns guaranteed the security of the Empire and the world. A few months later Mussolini insisted on moving large numbers of troops in a usually British sphere of influence and so we sent this invincible fleet to the Mediterranean. In September the quarrel became a League quarrel. We learnt that the fleet, by some unexplained process, had suddenly been changed into a collection of unserviceable hulks, which could be destroyed in the twinkling of an eye by a devoted band of bombers and by fast motor boats carrying torpedoes. A battleship is a mighty and magnificent spectacle, but much too expensive to use. It must be protected by small cruisers and destroyers and aeroplanes and torpedo nets and a hundred other devices. It is like the King in chess. It is possible that the Admiralty is right and that we might lose a battleship or two if Mussolini ran amok. But if this is a risk we cannot run, then why have battleships at all? If, as Lord Salisbury once told the Lords of the Admiralty, "your boats are made of porcelain, we shall have to change our policy." If the Admiralty is right we ought publicly to admit that battleships are only good for show. In that case the most prudent course would surely be to remove them out of reach of Italian explosives. But then the Admiralty must not ask in the budget estimates for tens of millions more money with which to construct further vulnerable mastodons. It sometimes seems that the Admiralty loves big ships merely as women love big pearls—because of the prestige attached to their prodigious costliness.

* * *

Mr. Gladstone notoriously had great difficulty in keeping together a Cabinet which ranged from the crusted Whiggery of Lord Hartington to the almost republican radicalism of Joseph Chamberlain. But Mr. Baldwin, with a no less heterogeneous team, has been remarkably successful in maintaining the appearance of unity. So much so, indeed, that one has the impression that the nominal representatives of Labour and Liberalism have meekly and regularly followed the lead of their Conservative colleagues. Last week's *News-Letter*, however, has some very acid comments on Mr. Baldwin. Moreover, a surprising difference of opinion is revealed in the ranks of the National Labour party itself. (Perhaps " ranks " is an inappropriate word, for this is an army with more generals than privates.) An anonymous article quarrels with Mr. Baldwin's rather obscure pledge not to send Foreign Ministers to negotiate abroad, except at Geneva. On the opposite page is an article by Mr. Harold Nicolson, who in his highly successful maiden speech upheld exactly the opposite contention. " It is a terrible mistake," he said, " to conduct negotiations between Foreign Ministers. I believe that the Prime Minister's assurance in this respect marks a great date in the history of diplomacy. I should like it to be a rule of the Constitution of this land that the Foreign Secretary, like the Lord Chancellor, cannot leave this country without a vote of both Houses of Parliament." On this subject Mr. Nicolson speaks with authority, and it would be interesting to know whether the article in the *News-Letter* was inspired by one of his National Labour colleagues. Mr. Thomas has had some interesting trips to the Dominions and Mr. MacDonald has had a free hand on more than one important foreign visit.

* * *

" Who is this M. Laval, and why does he always seem about to fall and yet always remains ? " I heard this question put by an Englishman and answered by experienced Frenchmen the other day. Summarised, the answer came to something like this : At the beginning of the war, Laval was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary. He was on a list of people whom the *Sûreté* thought it might be wise to put into prison. But they decided to let him alone and he took an active part in such Labour and Peace movements and conferences as were permitted during the war. If he is no longer a Socialist, we need not make too much of a change of views which is, after all, even more common in the land of Clemenceau and Millerand than in the land of Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas. It may even be that he is still a genuine pacifist, and that he was sincere when he told his friends early in the Abyssinian dispute that whatever happened he was determined that his name should never appear at the foot of a mobilisation order. Not everything about his career is known to the public. Twelve years ago he was a poor man, to-day he is rich. The sources of his wealth are a subject of speculation. He is a barrister by training, but has not made his money at the Bar. He first became known as a " lobby man," as one of those ingenious politicians who work behind the scenes and who gradually build up a reputation for " arranging things." He showed this capacity when he became Minister of Labour some seven years ago. He is not a man who reads anything or troubles about principles. He relies on personal ingenuity, not on knowledge or any clear objective—unless it be that Laval shall succeed. He gained great prestige by getting the Saar problem quietly settled—many people had been induced to think that it might lead to war. He followed this success up by the Stresa Front, which brought him immense popularity because it won for France the friendship of Italy, settled apparently for good the old dispute about Tunis and enabled France to remove her troops from the Italian frontier.

* * *

We can only understand Laval's policy towards the Abyssinian dispute by remembering this " lobby " mentality. Throughout he has been sure that he could conciliate the Duce. A year ago he reassured Mussolini about France's attitude if Italy attempted economic expansion in Abyssinia, and even after the invasion of Ethiopia had begun he never doubted that it would be possible to arrange things. In difficulty, his instinct is to postpone. He has no long-term policy, is comfortably indifferent to considerations of public morality, and cares not a jot for League ideals or for any obligations he may have entered into. He has no excessive respect for the truth, and is a master in the art of managing the press. He watches the fluctuations of opinion and looks for support to this group or that group as his momentary position dictates. The most remarkable proof of his adroitness is that he never quite quarrels with anybody. He spreads rumours round him so that no one knows what to believe and which lie is his and which somebody else's. Recently, however, he has been forced into a more open reliance on the Right. His real backers and his only steady support come from the *Comité des Forges* and the Bank of France, who have seen in him their last security, possibly against Socialism, certainly against devaluation. Ordinary Frenchmen who have an exaggeratedly low opinion of all politicians, put up with him because they say that he is probably no worse than other political scamps. Yet in spite of all his cunning he would have fallen during the last few weeks if the Left leaders had not preferred him to stay in office rather than come into power themselves before the elections in the spring. As it is, he remains bobbing about on top, finding just sufficient support from one group or another, like a ball kept in the air by the jets of water thrown up by a fountain.

* * *

On the day of the House of Commons debate on Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation, Colonel Wedgwood asked the Secretary of State for War for information about a certain Lieut.-Colonel Rocke of the Guards' Club who was supplying M.P.s with Italian propaganda. Mr. Duff Cooper explained that Col. Rocke was a retired officer, holding a pension awarded in 1920 of which more than half had been commuted. I have been making further inquiries about Col. Rocke and I understand that he was Military Attaché in Italy during the war, at the time when Sir Samuel Hoare was British Intelligence Officer there. I am told on very good authority that he introduced Sir Samuel to a young corporal who, he said, was a coming man. The corporal's name was Benito Mussolini. I gather that the connection has been maintained and that during the Italian-Abyssinian dispute Col. Rocke has been making frequent journeys between Rome and London. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. F. Howard Lancum.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I wondered if any of your readers could solve my problem for me ; it is probably an illusion, but I think not.

While at work or play I always have the feeling that I am a genius, but I cannot discover at what I am a genius . . . this strange mind of mine is like a burden that will not leave me.—Letter in *Daily Express.*

On the 70th birthday of Rudyard Kipling, the greatest force in English literature since Shakespeare, attention is naturally drawn to the financial returns with which his genius has been rewarded.—*Morning Post.*

Mussolini is the architect of European Peace.—*Blackshirt.*

Solidity, the speaker continued, was best sought on the basis of orthodox Christianity and of belief in the British Empire, parliamentary government—" provided, of course, the right party was in office "—and the rule of law.—Headmaster of Sherborne, reported in the *Times.*

The British Funeral Workers' Association appeals to you to assist in the observation of Trade Union conditions. All adult funerals should have the minimum staff of :—

Elm coffin : Two men and conductor ; Oak coffin : Four men and conductor, exclusive of coachmen or chauffeurs, and thus help to reduce unemployment.—Advt. in *London News.*

The question of the manufacture of arms by the State or by private firms has been obscured by a certain amount of prejudice . . . The prejudice is the expression of an honourable but perhaps mistaken ideal respecting the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war.—Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers and Vickers-Armstrongs, reported in the *Times.*

GERMAN MINORITIES AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

THE peace makers of 1919 were caught unawares by the problem of German Minorities in Eastern Europe. In mediaeval times German colonists had been invited to settle in Bohemia and Transylvania; tradition says that the Germans in Transylvania were the Pied Piper's victims, though actually they came from further west. The last big colonising movement came only in the eighteenth century when Maria Theresa and Joseph II invited Swabian settlers into the Banat to fill up the gaps left by the subsidence of Turkey. So long as both the mediaeval and modern settlements were contained within Habsburg frontiers they were in the main subject to German-speaking authorities, though the 1867 agreement with Hungary was followed by a certain amount of Magyarisation. With the Habsburg collapse of 1918 they became one of the problems of the new times, and with Adolf Hitler in power in Germany in 1933, this particular problem, like so many others, became acute.

In the new Europe, the so-called Saxons of Transylvania (about 250,000 in numbers) together with some 220,000 Banat Swabians became citizens of Rumania, the remaining half million Swabians became Jugoslavs, and the Germans of Bohemia—the *Sudetendeutschen*—became citizens of Czechoslovakia. A latent contention between Germany and the Little Entente had been created. Actually the German Minorities were ex-Austrian with no direct link with post-1870 Germany, but Austria was small and troubled, with the fate of South Tyrol to complete her distress.

The *Schwaben* and *Sudetendeutschen*, moreover, have remained Western Germans. They do not speak in the soft Austrian way. It is strange to find, for instance at Neusatz (Novi Sad), far down the Danube (indeed almost at Belgrade), these Swabians living among the Serbs and Hungarians of Voivodina; half-way through a talk with some German here, one is startled to see out of the window, not the warm fertile landscape of the Upper Rhineland, but the broad, grim sweep of the Danube valley become Balkan.

With the triumph of Hitler the Germans in the Balkans were thrown into a state of psychological confusion. At first they enjoyed the gratification of learning that superior blood flowed in their veins, and they accepted Dr. Goebbels' version of the Nazi Revolution with applause. Later difficult questions were bound to arise, and the *Volk und Reich* (discussed in these columns on December 7th) supporters of a new German Empire, which is more or less to absorb Eastern Europe, encouraged, in order to exploit, Pan-German sentiments among the German Minorities. But Hitler's foreign policy must be cautious for some time to come, and he is anxious to detach Jugoslavia from France and keep Rumania from agreeing with Russia. It has therefore been emphasised that Germans living in these countries, while rendering unto Germany the things that are God's, must also render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. Since the Jugoslavs and Rumanians are primarily in revolt against pre-war Hungary, they tend to treat their German better than their Magyar subjects, and the German minorities in the Balkan countries are on reasonably good terms with their rulers.

To a certain extent this accounts for the internal dissensions now raging within the three main groups of Germans in this part of the world. Wild young men, usually of Protestant origin (the majority of Swabians are Catholic and of Saxons Protestant), some of whom have returned from studies in Germany, have begun to adopt the radical attitude of the Hitler Youth. They call themselves "Renewers," and attack all the senior officials of the cultural associations in each area as liberal, intellectual and corrupt. They believe in the old Storm Troop technique; on July 28th, for instance, the Renewers invaded a *Kulturbund* meeting at Neusatz and beat the others up; on October 20th a similar performance took place at Hermannstadt (Sibiu), in Transylvania. As in Memel so in the Balkans, the German Government has found it expedient to assume a respectable attitude as against the hotheads. Accordingly in August, at a time when German home affairs were working up to Nürnberg radicalism, Herr Bürckel travelled down to Neusatz. This man had been Hitler's representative in the Saar, where he had proved his worth as a redeemer of erring extremists; he came to Neusatz as one Palatinate man to others, and made woolly speeches intended to damp down renewing ardour. National Socialism, he said, was not to be exported; abroad, oddly enough, you can be German without it. He made up handsomely for that, however. "We Germans," said Herr Bürckel, "are God's handiwork, and whoever destroys us, however religious he thinks himself, is still God's enemy." But the No-Popery boys were not satisfied. I heard quite by chance of how they had broken up and beaten up a gathering at Torža, for instance, on November 23rd.

Whereas the Balkan Germans, who are relatively prosperous, are torn by dissensions consequent upon the Nazification of Germany, a new unity appears to be developing among the Germans of Czechoslovakia, of whom over 70 per cent. voted for the Henlein nationalist party last May. Of course they live on the frontiers of Germany, but it is difficult not to feel that whereas Berlin is eager to conciliate Belgrade and Bucharest, she is probably uncomprisingly hostile to Prague. The problem is at any rate critical. The Czechoslovak Republic has about fifteen million inhabitants of whom between 3¼ and 3½ million are *Sudetendeutschen*. Incidentally the prevalent type among these people is dark, with delicate, quite un-Prussian, features. National emancipation is generally, it seems, achieved through fanatical hatred for the so-called oppressor, and the name of Austria still over-excites a Czech. After the war it was inevitable that local Czechoslovak officials should sometimes sabotage the rights of the *Sudetendeutschen* whom they regarded as left-over Austrians. There was an invasion, usual in these circumstances, of Czech railwaymen and postal officials; Germans were squeezed out of the Civil Service. Land reform often seemed to spell expropriation for German owners and the dismissal of their employees. Time and fanaticism passed, however, and in 1926 Germans were included in the Government Coalition. But the slump came surely though slowly to Czechoslovakia, and with it faded the hope that the breach had been healed. For the *Sudetendeutschen* live in the most highly industrialised districts of the Republic. To-day there are nearly 700,000 unemployed in Czechoslovakia, and of these about 50 per cent. are *Sudetendeutschen* who form only 22 per cent. of the whole population. Here is one of the most horrifyingly distressed areas in all Europe. The improvement in the heavy industries has benefited the Czech districts, but the German depends upon textiles, glass and china and the lignite around Brüx, all of which were accustomed to export to markets abroad which have now disappeared. A slight improvement for the textile people has been more than cancelled out by the closing of the Italian market, to which 12 per cent. of the china was exported. The unemployed get relief for twenty-six weeks from their Unions, but most of them are unorganised, for they do not live in big towns and often work at home. After the twenty-six weeks, or immediately if you do not belong to a Union, the Government provides you with ten crowns a week for a single man or twenty crowns for a family. The local authorities add to this, but when I remembered that ten crowns (about 1*s*. 8*d*.) were only buying me one not shatteringly good lunch in a moderate restaurant in Reichenberg where the distress is at its worst, I felt too dismal to make the best of that meal.

I travelled back to Prague and had the impertinence to say to all the Czechs I met the next day: "Those people are desperate, why don't you, in your own interest, do something about them?" "What can we do?" they answered. "They get the same relief as everyone else. The *Sudetendeutschen* could never have had autonomy since they stretch in a thin fringe all round the edge of Bohemia and Silesia. But, anyway, the Henlein business is nothing but Hitlerism in disguise"—

which means high treason to Czechoslovakia and the fine political principles upon which it is based.

Conrad Henlein is a gymnastic teacher who made his political début at a grand meeting in October, 1934. He is probably as simple and honest as he appears, and, when he stated in London a few weeks ago that he has nothing to do with the Nazis of Germany, it was probably true of Henlein himself. It is much better from Hitler's point of view that Henlein should press for a pro-German foreign policy without any demonstrable instigation. No one, however, can expect the Czechs to overlook that the methods and organisation of Henlein's *Sudetendeutsche Partei* are a perfect imitation of German National Socialism, nor that this party serves a Reich German purpose. During the campaign which preceded the Czechoslovak elections in May, while public speeches were irreproachably correct, and even refrained from attacking democracy or Jews (racial equality is the law in Czechoslovakia), house to house canvassers declared that the election was to be a sort of Saar plebiscite; the *Sudeten* country would be handed over to Germany and you had better look out how you voted or it would be the worse for you when Hitler came. The only resistance to the Henlein people comes from the workers; the employing class is without exception for the anti-Marxist doctrines of Henlein. This means that anti-Henleiners are dismissed and work is found for unemployed men who join his party. There are troops of roughs who beat up Socialists and Communists, and the Czechs have proof, they say, of plenty of links with Germany; the German wireless, at any rate, quite frankly backs the Henleiners, and the other day, for instance, abused the anti-Henlein German Minister, Spina, for betraying his race.

The Czechs have every reason to believe that Nazi Germany aims at the destruction of their State. They are strikingly unabashed, but at the same time no Minister could afford to give much to the *Sudetendeutschen* in the circumstances created by Hitler. The Czechs, moreover, are sensible matter-of-fact people; they underrate the emotions which make Henlein's movement strong, and therefore think it best to wait till the future discredits him. But the do-nothing policy is inflaming the sore. The *Sudetendeutschen* whisper, " Their birth-rate is rising, ours is falling. They want us to die out." E. W.

YOU'RE ANOTHER

BURKE once said that you cannot indict a whole people. If this is the form in which he made the statement, the simple answer is that you can and do. Ever since I can remember, people have been indicting whole peoples. In fact, as soon as you begin to dislike a whole people you indict it, and a whole people has always been one of the easiest things in the world to dislike. Imagine how different English comment on Serbia would have been if Serbia, instead of being one of the Allies, had been on the other side in the Great War. Books and articles would have appeared, recalling the most eminent crimes in Serbian history—for Serbia, like most other countries, has been the scene of some startling crimes. As Serbia was an ally, however, she could not be indicted: it became necessary, instead, to rescue her from the indictments of the past. Hence an exhibition of the sculpture of Mestrovic was organised at South Kensington, and Serbia was presented to the English public as the home of great art. I have no doubt, however, that Serbia was duly indicted at the time in Germany. Indicting nations is, after all, one of the first steps in efficient propaganda.

I see that at the moment the Italian Press is eagerly indicting England. How Italian journalists never managed to discover the full wickedness of England till fairly recently it is difficult to understand. English history was there with some pretty black pages, and if you judged England by those pages alone, she was no fit ally for the country of St. Francis and Fra Angelico. Her worst crimes were generously forgotten, however, till she showed her disapproval of the Italian war against Abyssinia. After that, it became necessary at once to indict her—the cruel, greedy monster of the seven seas. More recently still she offended Italian susceptibilities by denouncing the deadly air-raid on the Swedish Red Cross Hospital. In the spirit of a child retorting, " You're another," Italians replied by citing a number of English atrocities and indicting England as a country that was not apparently clean-handed enough to have the right to protest against the bombing of Red Cross hospitals. In order to prove how merciless a people the English are one Italian journalist even recalled the cruelties of Judge Jeffreys. He forgot, it seems, to mention the fact that Jeffreys was the instrument of the last English King who tried to be a dictator, and that, as a result of the English people's hatred, the dictatorial King died in exile and the cruel Judge in the Tower of London. A cleverer journalist would have indicted England more expertly than this.

It is difficult to see, however, how anybody, except in a state of childish petulance, can believe in the validity of the " You're another " argument. Even if Judge Jeffreys were an English national hero instead of being a monster of the school-books, this obliquity of judgment on the part of the English would not clear the Italian airmen of the charge of having deliberately fired on the Red Cross Hospital. It is a charge, I may say, that I do not find it easy to believe. Atrocity charges are so common in time of war that it seems only reasonable to suspend judgment about them till they are proved. At the same time, a Swede who was in the hospital declares that the Italian airmen flew low and deliberately aimed at the hospital with their machine-guns. It is no answer to that charge to say, " The English had their Judge Jeffreys." What ordinary people want to know is whether the deaths in the hospital were the result of an accident and whether, if they were the result of a deliberate attack on the Red Cross, the Italian authorities approve of this. If they do, then they should applaud of Judge Jeffreys and no longer hold him up to reprobation as a monster.

I am not suggesting that the Italians are more given to the use of the " You're another " argument than any other nation. It is an argument that we all use. It is in our blood. Almost from the day on which we learn to speak it is our first line of defence in self-justification. There is great pleasure in feeling that other people are as bad as, or worse than, ourselves. It is as though we considered an equality of wickedness an admirable excuse for our own lack of virtue. It is surprising that no prisoner in the dock has ever made use of the " You're another " argument against the judge and the jury. In many cases the judge and some of the members of the jury are almost certain to be whited sepulchres, and a few of the latter are almost sure to have robbed the public in some way or other. If a man is in the dock, however, on the charge of having smashed the window of a jeweller's shop and stolen a number of rings, he cannot clear himself by saying: " The judge is an owner of slum property. One member of the jury is a dishonest fishmonger, another a dairy proprietor who sweats his employees, another a grocer who always puts the items at the bottom of the last paid bill at the top of the new unpaid bill." While the trial lasts, the vices of the judge and jury have nothing to do with the case. All that anybody wants to know is whether the prisoner stole the rings and can be proved to have stolen them. If the proof of his guilt is clear it will be of no use for him to appeal against his conviction on the ground that some members of the jury are as dishonest as himself.

Yet nations nearly always assume that their innocence is established by the guilt of their neighbours. When King Leopold of Belgium was accused of exploiting the Congo in a manner that involved the most hideous cruelties in the treatment of the natives, he replied, unless my memory betrays me, with a long list of English atrocities in Ireland. It is obvious that, in spite of what the proverb says, people do often believe that two blacks make a white. Similarly, when Americans protest against outrages on humanity in any other country, the other country takes a high moral tone and treats the world to an impressive denunciation of American lynchings. This makes for a useful confusion of thought—a smoke-screen behind which the peccant nation thinks it can escape into safety.

Even during the present war, one of the chief arguments of the Italians in their own defence has been: "If we're guilty of a crime, then we're only guilty of the same crime that England and France have committed over and over again." Many people are impressed by this argument. The Hearst press repeats it in America and accuses England of having invaded and stolen more territories all over the globe than any other nation. In a measure, the indictment in the Hearst press is true. One of the chief territories that the English invaded and stole is North America, and Mr. Hearst is one of the beneficiaries. What has this to do with Abyssinia, however? Must the robbery of native territories go on without protest until all the members of white races inhabiting stolen territories have evacuated them and so cleared their consciences? Must all the white inhabitants leave America and the other lands their ancestors have seized before any white man has the right to say that aggressive Imperialism must stop?

There might be something to be said for the "You're another" argument if the old robber States merely said to the new robber States: "The map is now perfect. It must remain as it is for ever," and if the various peoples represented in the League of Nations had not pledged themselves to abstain from robbery as they have come more and more to abstain from slavery, and especially to abstain from robbing each other. As it is, however, to use the "You're another" argument is simply to find an excuse for plunging back into the pre-war world.

It might improve the situation if instead of indicting each other the nations would take to indicting themselves. There are few nations that have not at some time done something worthy of a white sheet. Geneva might be turned into a public confessional at which during one week in the year the nations of the earth would confess and even promise to renounce their sins. If it were found impracticable to make complete restitution of the spoils they had gathered, they might at least offer to share the booty in a measure with the other converted robber States. What a happy world it would be in which England would say to Italy: "I've a terrible past. I'm really far worse than you," and Italy would reply: "No, no, I can't forgive myself for having done a thing like this in 1936." After such confessions, a glow of virtue would be succeeded by a glow of brotherhood; and Italy would forget Judge Jeffreys, and England would forget the Borgias. And mutual indictment would be turned into mutual panegyric, and you and I could enjoy a holiday in Florence again. Y. Y.

VOLCANOES

For anyone who has seen a volcano in eruption at night-time it is easy to understand the popular belief that it is a burning mountain that gives forth smoke and fire. Both the smoke and the fire appear to be there, but there is little flame and less smoke. What seems to be the smoke is in reality vast clouds of steam, and the red glow and the occasional white flashes are the reflected lights from the molten magma in the vent. A volcano may be more truthfully described as an immense and erratically-working steam engine whose steam-exhaust is a hole, and, in many cases, a depression in the earth's surface. The mountain, that is so obvious, and is often so grand to behold, is of secondary formation and has been built up round the original hole; it is composed of the refuse that has been shot out, and has gradually accumulated in the course of ages. This detritus, formed of lava-streams and various kinds of ejecta, builds the mountain and composes the contour which is characteristic, and which is presented with such typical symmetry in the lines of Fujiyama.

A good example of the steam-engine action of a volcano, which has been under observation for many years, is afforded by the craters on Stromboli. The island of Stromboli rises three thousand feet above sea level, and is entirely composed of materials which have been ejected from volcanic vents. Its total height from the sea-floor, from which it has been erupted, is six thousand feet in all, and the above-water portion resembles in many places the surroundings of an iron foundry with its heaps of cinders and slag. From the sea at night it is a wonderful sight. Its black mass is spotted at the base with lights from villages, and high above these is the glow from the molten lava at the open crater. This glow is intensified at intervals varying from one to twenty minutes in length. With each of the larger explosions one can hear, even at a considerable distance, a noise like that of an engine letting off steam, and at the same time the red glow increases in intensity as it is reflected back from the steam clouds. During the intervals the mass of molten lava is slowly heaving up and down within the crater; gradually the agitation increases, until a larger bubble is formed, which at last bursts, letting loose a rush of steam, which carries into the air glowing fragments of the scum-like surface. From the observatory which is built near the edge of the crater, it is easy to see what is happening. Vast volumes of steam are being released, and since they can find ready access to the surrounding atmosphere, no catastrophic or paroxysmal eruption takes place.

With Vesuvius the generation and discharge of steam is not so regular nor so harmless. There have been long intervals between the eruptions of the volcano, but when the eruptions have come, they have been extremely violent and destructive; but they have been essentially the same in nature as the smaller more harmless explosions which can be safely observed in Stromboli. In each case there are the formation of cracks and fissures in the mountain's surface, the escape of steam with explosive violence from these openings, the propelling of rock fragments into the air, and the outwelling, under the influence of the compressed steam, of molten material. The lava which is thus squeezed out of the cracks and vents in the mountain will sometimes flow extremely slowly, and sometimes rapidly. It will do more or less damage to villages and cultivation according to the course that it takes, but what is most damaging to human handiwork and most dangerous to life is not the lava but the immense amount of rock which, at any major eruption, is thrown into the air in the form of finely powdered dust or "ash." This finely powdered rock will fall either as dust, choking or threatening to choke all life, and covering both land and sea with a blanket of darkness, or combining with the vast clouds which result from the escape of steam, it will fall as mud. Herculaneum was overwhelmed by floods of such volcanic mud in the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 when both Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed.

The usual accompaniments to volcanic activity are earthquake shocks and thunderstorms. The uprushing current of steam and rock fragments form at first a vertical column, but as this ascends it spreads out into great cauliflower-like masses of cloud, each expanding mass of which corresponds with an explosion. Round this uprising column of vapour lightnings play, adding to the grand and truly awe-inspiring spectacle. These lightnings are conditioned by the electric excitation produced by the friction between the steam column and the surrounding atmosphere. The restoration of electrical stability is accompanied by lightning flashes and thunder-claps, which latter augment the terrific roarings of the mountain.

The violence of the Vesuvian type of eruption appears to be related to the length of the period of quiescence between the periods of activity. A long period of quiescence is generally followed by an eruption which is either of long duration or of great violence, and inversely, a long-continued or very violent eruption is usually followed by a prolonged period of repose. What makes for the most paroxysmal eruptions is the temporary holding-up of the eruptive forces once they are under way. The island of Krakatoa, which lies in the Straits of Sunda between Java and Sumatra, was prior to 1883 a volcanic crater which had been largely filled up with secondary volcanic cones. The circumference of the island was twenty-five miles at sea level, and the last outbreak of volcanic activity had been of a mild nature in 1680, two hundred years previously. In 1878 there were some premonitory earthquakes, which gradually increased in violence. In May, 1883, moderate activity began in the central craters; these eruptions of the Stromboli type increased in force till August 26th, when four very loud explosions occurred, which shook earth, sea and air with fearful intensity. It is believed that prior to these explosions, water was gaining access to the hot magma, with the result that it cooled the surface, forming a hard crust and blocking the safety valve of the immense steam boiler which was beneath it. The resulting explosions, when they came, blew away more than two-thirds of the island, leaving in its site a hollow, which in places reached a depth of a thousand feet below sea level. As a result of these explosions, dust was shot up into the upper atmosphere twenty-five miles above the surface of the earth. The finer particles of this dust are believed to have travelled more than once round the globe. The pumice which was thrown out floated in vast quantities on the sea, and I have seen many beaches in West Australia, which, twenty-seven years later than the eruption, were still composed almost entirely of the pumice from Krakatoa.

The cause of most, if not all volcanic eruption, is the steam which is seeking its escape. There are other gases present at the time of activity but there is no doubt that clouds of steam come roaring from the crater and that steam continues to escape from the lava streams as they flow down the mountain sides. How did this steam get into the lava, and why does it need to burst forth so violently?

There are many answers given by geologists to this question, but as no man can know what actually happens in the hot interior of the earth, no one author of any of the many theories that have been propounded can be sure that he is right. One of the most interesting suggestions has been made by a Swedish geologist Arrhenius in a pamphlet published in 1900. He maintains that heated magma lies everywhere at a certain depth below the sea floor, and that water percolates down through the rocks of the sea floor, and is forced by the vertical pressure from above to mingle with the magma. Since the magma has a temperature much above 365° C., the critical temperature of water, the water which reaches it must be not liquid, but gaseous. At high temperatures super-heated steam becomes extremely acid in quality. At 300° C. water and silicic acid are about equal in acidity. At 1,000° C. water is 80 times as strong, and at 2,000° C. it is 300 times as strong as silicic acid. At the high temperatures which probably prevail in the magma, the super-heated steam will be more acid in quality than many of the acid radicles which normally compose rocks, and so it is likely to enter into combination with the alkaline bases. This accounts for the absorption of the steam in the magma.

When the magma is being extruded from the interior of the earth up the pipe of a volcano, the temperature will fall, and the steam will become less acid. As it becomes less acid it will be driven out from its combination with the alkaline bases, and will be released as steam with explosive violence.

This is one of the theories for accounting for volcanic activity, and a very neat one. How the lines of weakness in the earth crust are formed, along which volcanoes occur, is another question, needing another answer.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

AN INDEX

to Volume X (new series) is in course of preparation and will be available free on application to registered postal subscribers; to other readers post free One Shilling.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1

Correspondence

SANCTIONS AND WAR

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell performs a useful service. Hatred of Fascism has indeed brought us "very near to war with Italy," and war with Italy will not be the simple policeman-*versus*-lawbreaker affair our Don Quixotes imagine. The situation would not be nearly so dangerous if only our Socialist-Pacifists had stuck to their lasts.

The Socialist-Pacifist (1914–1918) used to say that his job was to work for a new social and industrial order in his own country. Where else could he work so effectively? What other countries did was no concern of his unless they were anxious to co-operate with him. He would, of course, watch what they were doing in the hope of learning something from them, but he would not seek to thrust his own ideas down their throats. And if they wanted to interfere with him, he would trust to the excellence of his work to protect him. (Did not G. B. S. say, when the war-fever was at its height, that if the Germans captured London the first thing their commander would do would be to place a guard outside the Shaw flat, so that the writing of Shaw plays should not be interfered with?) And many an Absolutist argued before his tribunal that the coming of Socialism would not necessarily be delayed by a German victory—and did so without suggesting that he had any admiration for Kaiserdom. This minding of one's own business (and tolerance of others minding or mis-minding theirs) is not by any means a royal road to the millennium, but I doubt if there is any other. At any rate, the contrary method (typified by Ramsay MacDonald's concentration on foreign affairs and his lack of anything like a practical policy for social reorganisation at home) does not seem to have accomplished anything but harm. At conference after conference our attitude has been that, if only all the other nations were as anxious as we were to do the right thing internationally, then all would be well. The social, financial and industrial problems peculiar to Russia, Germany, Italy and U.S.A. have been complacently ignored. Was Lansbury's Lido—the best job of work accomplished by the late Labour Government—such an outstanding achievement that we could afford to ignore the example set by Mussolini's draining of the Pontine Marshes? Is there nothing in his development of the Corporate State (step-child of our own Guild Socialist movement) worthy of our sympathetic study? Our Left Wing intellectuals are ready to forgive Stalin for his ruthless expropriation of the Kulaks. Can they not see that many of the excesses of the Fascist and Nazi regimes were caused by economic pressure for which England was partially responsible? If we had been busy turning our own distressed areas into examples of social life in the age of plenty, we should have had opportunity enough to show how opposition to a new social programme ought to be handled. But as we were doing nothing, we had plenty of time to criticise the continental dictators, and of course, our easy criticism did nothing to soften their hearts. Our hatred of Fascism is rooted in our own practical impotence. We cannot even find a way of granting asylum to the victims of foreign tyrants. We can only find time for denunciation, and even then our denunciation falls on the wrong shoulders. The English Government which turns a refugee back at Harwich is as much to blame as the German Government from which he flees.

Even now war might be avoided if the people in this country could rouse themselves to the great task of industrial reconstruction which the development of the machine has made imperative. Nothing short of a British Five Year Plan can arrest the course of the European nations now bent on war as the only way out of their sufferings. But this would be a real job of *work*. And most of our so-called Socialists and Pacifists prefer *movements*. So—

Monday.—Organise No-more-war Exhibition.

Tuesday.—Pass resolution that oil sanctions be applied without delay. (Just-one-more-war movement.)

Wednesday.—Pass resolution protesting against the Government's rearmament programme. (Lose-the-war movement.)

T. M. HERON

THE AMNESTY IN AUSTRIA

SIR,—Most of the Socialists in prison in Austria now are there for distributing literature. Many of them are in the police prison at Rossauerländer, which I, as a member of a British Labour Delegation consisting of Mr. D. R. Grenfell, M.P., and Mr. John

Parker, M.P., was allowed to visit. Most of the prisoners were young men, but there were women too, varying in age from twenty to sixty. Most of them will not be affected by the Christmas amnesty, which applied mainly to those arrested in February, 1934.

The prisoners made no serious complaint of the treatment they received. Rossauerländer is a modern building and the heating, lighting and ventilation were satisfactory. The Court prison, Landesgericht I, is much older. It is dark and the air is musty. About 300 Socialists are imprisoned in it, mostly for carrying on illegal activities against the Government, e.g., collecting subscriptions for the illegal Trade Unions, which have a huge paying membership, or for the Workers' Relief Organisation. There are hundreds of Nazis in this prison too, again mostly young men. The youth of Austria seems doomed to spend its days in gaol.

Dr. Schuschnigg received the British delegation in the Chancellery, which was more closely guarded than any building I have seen, except perhaps for the homes of some of the Nazi leaders in Germany. We sat in the room where Dolfuss was assassinated. They have consecrated the place where he died. In the Chancellor's room there was a death mask of his predecessor.

Dr. Schuschnigg gave us details of the Christmas amnesty and said that his Government intended to pursue a policy of reconciliation. How far effect will be given to these words will shortly be revealed. Recent information is not at all reassuring, and there are reports of widespread arrests after Christmas.

A true reconciliation policy must involve a complete reversal of the policy which the Government has been pursuing. Its first step must be to remove the injustice of the arbitrary power which is granted to the police, who wield powers far in excess of the discretion allowed to executive authorities in any part of Europe. Men have been sentenced to as much as 22 months' imprisonment in a secret trial in which the defendant is undefended, in which the prosecutor is also the judge, and from which there is no appeal. Vienna lawyers complained to me of the rightlessness of their country, and illustrated it by the fact that even after a man has served the sentence inflicted upon him by the ordinary court he is not set free but is handed over to the police for detention in a concentration camp.

I visited such a camp at Messendorf, near Graz. There were 114 prisoners, of whom about 100 were Nazis. There were no single cells, but large rooms, containing 15 to 20 prisoners. Nazis and Socialists were mingled together and seemed to be on good terms.

One of the Socialists I spoke to was a Trade Union leader. He had already served a long sentence in the camp at Wöllersdorf and was rearrested a few days after his release from there for renewing his political connections. He said Messendorf was better than Wöllersdorf, because they all knew what length of sentence they had to serve. I asked him whether they were allowed to discuss politics, and he replied that there was greater freedom of opinion inside prison than outside it. When I inquired about food, the official in charge said that it was better than the food the wives and children of the prisoners were receiving in their own homes. These are two facts which reveal the ruthless suppression of critical opinion and the extreme poverty which prevail in Austria to-day.

F. Elwyn Jones

TOLERATION

Sir,—Mr. Lunn's letter, a plea for toleration, raises several points. It is quite true that Liberals believe in the value of free speech; they desire that all shall have the utmost freedom to express their opinions, so far as is compatible with the safety of the State. A Liberal, therefore, ought to protest against the oppression of Christians.

But Roman Catholics cannot claim to believe in this value of free speech. Their Church publishes an index of prohibited books which no loyal Roman Catholic may read without special permission. In the matter of toleration, Liberal and Roman Catholic stand thus. The Liberal ought to tolerate the Roman Catholic, but the Roman Catholic need not tolerate the Liberal. Since in Roman Catholic belief heresy is a deadly sin, it is even his duty not to tolerate him. The Roman Catholic says in effect to the Liberal: "My principles direct me to hit you, but your principles forbid you to hit me back."

Doubtless, Liberals ought to protest against the oppression of Roman Catholics in Mexico, when they have learnt the facts. But it is well to remember that modern Mexico owes her education in religion to the Roman Catholic Church. The Church and the Inquisition had for centuries a free hand there. A Roman Catholic paper, the *Universe*, says: "the Catholic Church built in Mexico an educational system and social and charitable works that have never been excelled." If to-day so many Mexicans have turned against the Church, this suggests that it has misused its power and been a tyranny. Absolute power is rarely not abused.

Liberals ought to protest against the oppression of Christians in Russia. And many of them have done. If their protests have not lately been so frequent as formerly, then there are reasons for this. In time one comes to accept an evil which one cannot remove. Also the Christian Church in Russia had many faults; as Russian Christians themselves acknowledge. Furthermore, many Liberals feel that the rulers of Russia are inspired by a noble ideal, even if they do not approve of their methods. Even Dr. Inge, a Churchman, and not a Liberal, but a Conservative, says that, if he had to choose between them, he would prefer the Red tyranny (Russian) to the Black tyranny (Roman Catholic).

Lastly, with regard to persecution. During the Reformation Protestants persecuted Catholics, and Catholics Protestants. Calvin, for instance, burnt Servetus for heresy at Geneva. But where Protestants put to death individuals, Catholics put to death thousands. Furthermore, the people of Geneva have publicly declared that they did wrong in burning Servetus. The Roman Catholic Church has made no such official confession regarding the thousands who suffered under the Inquisition. The Roman Catholic Church does not any longer put heretics to death. There is perhaps no country where it has the power to do so; and such action would damage its cause in the world. But although its policy has changed, it has not declared any change of principle. Mr. Lunn cannot quote any modern official pronouncement of the Roman Catholic Church, declaring that it is wrong to persecute heretics. His quotations from Christian writers of the fourth and fifth centuries prove nothing. The Inquisition was set up in the thirteenth century. No Pope has officially condemned its persecuting policy.

Lastly, the Roman Catholic Church still practises methods of oppression and coercion when it gets the chance. An example is Austria at the present day, as described in the pages of the New Statesman and Nation.

Mr. Lunn has the right to demand that Liberals, if they are true to their principles, shall grant the right of free speech to Roman Catholics, and shall not persecute them for their religious convictions. But Roman Catholics may deny the right of free speech to Liberals, indeed, to all heretics, all who are not Roman Catholics, and may persecute them. In fact, it is even their duty to do so, since heresy is a deadly sin and it is very infectious. The reason why the Roman Catholic Church does not persecute much now is simply that it has not the power, and that public feeling in many countries is against such a policy.

Norwich. J. K. Nettlefold

Sir,—You must have a real sense of humour, for I observe that you allow Mr. Arnold Lunn to take up more than a column of your space in putting forward a plea for toleration. It was this selfsame advocate of toleration who sank so low two years ago as to rebuke publicly the Society of Friends for letting their hall for a meeting to celebrate the Centenary of Charles Bradlaugh. Toleration! Let this particular physician heal himself—though I fear his case is chronic—before he sets out to cure the maladies of intolerance from which others may be suffering.

House of Commons, S.W.1. Ernest Thurtle

THE CATHOLIC VOTE

Sir,—Those who have worked in a constituency which contains convents or similar Catholic bodies will realise the ludicrous and utterly undemocratic state of affairs—a considerable block of voters who read no political literature during the election or at any other time, are, even professedly, ignorant of the election issues, never come to meetings and refuse to see canvassers, but dutifully go to the poll and vote as they are told. In Municipal Elections the vote may depend upon one candidate sending his washing to the convent laundry. . . . In a General Election it is obediently anti-Socialist.

Naomi Mitchison

River Court,
Hammersmith Mall, W.6.

Sir,—My attention has just been drawn to the letter of Dr. Edith Summerskill in your issue of December 21st. So far as the letter refers to this newspaper, may I be allowed to make the following statement?

It was pointed out to us that Dr. Summerskill, the Labour candidate for Bury, was well known for her activity in the spreading of facilities for artificial birth-prevention. Now, it is the belief of those conducting this paper, whether as human beings or specifically as Catholics, that such "contraception" is unnatural, contrary to right reason, conduct unbecoming rational beings, and so morally wrong. We therefore esteemed it our duty to refuse an advertisement of Dr. Summerskill's candidature, and, not to "assail" her, but to regret that the Labour party in Bury was sponsoring this particular candidate, who, if elected, would advocate legislation in favour of a practice which, it is the conviction of many, is against private morality and public good policy.

We then went on to say:

> It is a pity that such an aspect of a candidature should have to be raised, but it is raised, not by Catholics, but by those who, knowing the Catholic attitude, sponsor offending candidates. It is to be hoped that the Bury Labour party will learn its lesson at the polls.
>
> It is to be hoped, also, that others may profit by the lesson and that, at long last, electors may be given the chance of voting on political issues without being compelled to use their votes to prove that they mean what they say (when) they condemn things like birth-control.

It will therefore be seen that, so far as this paper is concerned, it was primarily a moral and not a political issue.

The New Catholic Herald, Ltd., THE EDITOR,
110-111 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. *Catholic Herald*

TERRITORIAL PLANNING

SIR,—Mr. W. A. Robson, in his two articles on Territorial Planning reminds us of the far reaching recent changes in the distribution of population and in the character of industry and commerce. He then says that "No attempt has been made to weave these changes into a well-designed pattern of social life." He then goes on to state that "The territorial planning of present and future development stands out as one of the most urgent needs. . . . The essential key to this problem lies in controlling the location of industry." May I point out that this problem has been faced and a solution urged along precisely the lines suggested by Mr. Robson in the recent Report of the Departmental Committee of the Ministry of Health on Garden Cities and Satellite Towns, over which I had the honour of presiding. In the summary of this Report, published in 1935, we say:

> 8. That in place of the casual distribution of industry and population, there should be definite guidance and their distribution and location should be planned and co-ordinated in the public interest.
>
> 12. That it is essential that the problem of future urban development, which includes the distribution and location of industry and residence, should be recognised and dealt with as a national and not merely a local problem.

The Report goes on to recommend a Planning Board to deal with the whole problem. I feel sure that those of your readers who are interested in this matter will find much of value in the Report, which is published at the price of sixpence by H.M. Stationery Office. MARLEY

House of Lords.

THE "NEW ZIONISTS"

SIR,—Permit me to correct a misstatement in the interesting article, "Why Mussolini Went to War," by Louis Fischer appearing in your last week's issue. Mr. Fischer states as though it were a fact that "The Zionist Fascists under Jabotinsky urge an Italian mandate. Italian authorities have given them concrete encouragement."

Your correspondent has been entirely misled, and there is no foundation whatever for these assertions. I am in close touch with the organisation of which Vladimir Jabotinsky is the head. It is the New Zionist Organisation, established by a congress held in Vienna last September. This congress was attended by some 300 delegates representing 713,000 Jewish Zionist voters in thirty-four countries. This is the largest number of Zionist voters ever recorded. The congress unanimously adopted a series of political resolutions submitted by a Political Commission of which I was the chairman. The first and second of these are as follows:

> 1. The Jewish people looks more than ever to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine as the only solution of the Jewish problem both for themselves and for the world.
>
> 2. The Jewish people can never forget that it was his Majesty's Government which in November, 1917, gave new hope and new life to the whole of Jewry by the historic promise known as the Balfour Declaration (described by Lord Balfour himself as intended to right a wrong nineteen centuries old), given in consideration of Jewish services to the Allied cause during the Great War.

Moreover the President of the Congress, Mr. Jabotinsky, at a Press Conference in Vienna at which I was present made it quite clear that the New Zionist Organisation regard the British mandate for Palestine as the keystone of their policy. Whatever differences there may be between the old and the new Zionists—and there are many serious differences—in respect to this cardinal question there is none.

Mr. Fischer was probably led astray by the fact that the New Zionist Organisation (as previously the Revisionists) are openly opposed to Communism and class war. Surely such a policy cannot but commend itself to the vast majority of people, and hardly justifies the fantastic appellation of "Fascists" to these Zionists.

Some weeks ago the *Times* published a statement of a similar kind and cited as evidence that the Italian Government was the only Government which greeted the Vienna Congress. Later the *Times* published a correction, the fact being that the Italian Government was not among the Governments which sent messages to the Congress.

The high reputation of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for accuracy is my justification for the request to publish this rectification. This may prevent the further spread of malicious accusations against a great humanitarian movement.

Bartlett House, S. LANDMAN
9/12 Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

[The avowed policy of the New Zionist Organisation does not, of course, include any proposal for an Italian mandate. In the absence of Mr. Fischer abroad, we shall content ourselves with adding that this organisation appears to have certain marked Fascist affinities and sympathies.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

AN INCIDENT IN IMPERIAL HISTORY

SIR,—May I add a footnote to Dr. Norman Leys's article in your last issue on the native riots in the copper belt of Northern Rhodesia?

One of the largest of the mining companies concerned has during the last two years made profits amounting to nearly a million pounds and has just paid a dividend of 12½ per cent. At the recent annual general meeting in London at which he announced these figures, the Chairman referred to the riots as "an insignificant cessation of work due to trouble with our native employees."

To improve the perspective let me also mention that the native population of the Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia numbers approximately 1,400,000; that the total budget in 1934 was £700,000; and that in the same year the sum spent by the Government on native education was £20,000. JOHN GILD

LIBRARY FACILITIES

SIR,—The provision of library facilities for students engaged during the day is a rapidly growing need, and concerns not merely the British Museum, but, e.g., the Public Record Office and the libraries attached to Government Departments. Students from the provinces with perhaps a single day free during the week, and students making costly visits from abroad are also gravely hampered by the short hours of opening. My own experience in organising a request for a minor improvement, backed by the responsible officers of three learned societies (the answer was NO), suggests that the many long-overdue reforms in respect of these libraries will only be obtained by enlisting Government support.

To keep open the British Museum Reading Room would not be so simple a matter as your correspondents suppose. Not only must a vast space be warmed and lighted during the extra hours (the students could not be transferred to a smaller room, as the "open shelves" and catalogues are indispensable), it would also be necessary to keep open the "North Library," i.e., the special room for reading the more valuable books, and the Manuscript Reading Room, if the research student was to be adequately catered for. Lighting and attendance in the forecourt and corridors of the Museum would also be necessary. Strong opposition will therefore be encountered on grounds of expense. On the other hand, the Museum authorities themselves are seriously concerned about the overtaxing of the seating accommodation of the Reading Room; the extension of hours would lessen this pressure. The same argument applies to the Search Room at the Public Record Office, where, too, the hours of opening are very much shorter than at the Museum. Other Museum reforms strongly called for are the provision of an adequate refreshment room, open from noon onwards, and the opening of the permanently closed entrance from Montague Place, which faces the new University buildings. The rigid departmentalism of the Museum is, however, the enemy of all reform.

Birkbeck College, E.C.4. E. G. R. TAYLOR

CAN HEALTH BE BOUGHT?

SIR,—Dr. Roberts in his article (December 28th) says in effect, yes! And that by "economic and industrial reconstruction" (he should have added, "financial") we could probably much reduce sickness and extend the period of enjoyable life. But why does he say that this would be "sacrificing those comfortable thousand a year incomes"? This would only be averaging things, a Communistic idea quite old-fashioned in these days of plentiful production. When pigs are being destroyed for fear they should become bacon, it doesn't seem necessary for me to eat less breakfast. J. G. ASHLEY

Willsbridge, nr. Bristol.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING

SIR,—People tell me that the Railway Companies would like me and others to travel by train. I should positively like to do so if they would keep me warm and allow me to read without other people disturbing me by talking to one another. I have noticed that people do not sit in overcoats in their sitting-rooms. I have also noticed that when there is a 50 m.p.h. gale during winter people keep the windows of their sitting rooms nearly or quite shut, and certainly not open on both sides of one room. Then why should I be forced to wear my overcoat and yet be cold if I travel by train? Simply because it is the custom? I suggest that all compartments in trains should be classified as either "Warm, no talking," "Warm, talking," "Cold, no-talking" or "Cold, talking." An enterprising railway could provide the cold talkers with any other discomforts they might desire. Although a non-smoker until the last few years, I have never actually suffered from others smoking, though I certainly have suffered from cold and talk. Therefore the smoking and non-smoking classification might go, and indeed a scent and no-scent classification would be just as reasonable. I am afraid that I am asking for rather a lot in suggesting that every railway carriage in Britain should be labelled in accordance with my scheme, and so I shall ask something less. Please, will you use your great influence to allow just one warm non-talker on the Oxford–Paddington route?

94 Woodstock Road,
Oxford. JOHN R. BAKER

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION

SIR,—I feel sure that many must be keenly interested and impressed by the issues brought forward in a book recently reviewed by Prof. Tawney in your columns, *Christianity and Social Revolution*. As one who accepts the challenge there laid down I am anxious to have the opportunity of meeting with any others who would care to join with me in a series of discussion groups during the New Year. We hope to have the active co-operation of Dr. Polanyi, one of the editors of the book, and Prof. Macmurray has expressed his sympathy with the project, and, while unable to help us at present, through stress of work, has promised to do so later. We hope to get help from other authoritative thinkers later.

If there are any interested in the scheme will they please communicate with me at the address given, and I can let them have further information. LEONARD M. SCHIFF

24 Arundel Square, Barnsbury, N.7.

AMANDA ROS

SIR,—May I add yet another plea to Messrs. Chatto and Windus: that they be inspired to publish, as an appendix to *Irene Iddesleigh*, the more important reviews of the Ros classics? My own introduction to these works was through a review written by Mark Twain. Where is that essay now to be seen? Can anyone give the reference? There are also comments by Barry Pain, E. V. Lucas, and others, from which an editor could surely compile much enrichment.

As the letter to Lord Ponsonby proves, Mrs. Ros was deeply offended by the way her works were received: publishers and critics came alike under the lash. So much so, indeed, that when I wanted another copy of *Irene* many years ago, the Belfast bookseller informed me that the only way a copy could be obtained was by personal application to the lady herself. The entire stock was kept in her own house, under the bed! ALEC. WILSON

85 Abingdon Villas, W.8

Miscellany

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SEA

THEY have all come to hear Eftalya, the Daughter of the Sea. She is not beautiful. She is not even young. Some people remember having heard her long before the Great War. She is a Greek. And yet—no one can sing the old Turkish love-songs better than she.

The great secret of her art is to give the impression of singing for you, for you alone. Never mind the two or three hundred, listening like you. You forget them, or rather—they become part of her song which is meant for you. And you long to take up the whining melody and yell back through your nose:

> Ah Suleya, ah Suleya,
> You rose in the wreath of my happiness—

Nefzat and I sit in the little garden among the crowd. The moon shines on the white gravel and the low acacia trees, but the faces—eagerly bent forward not to miss a sound—are lit by the glaring light of high arc-lamps. Waiters push their way through the jumble of chairs and tables, stumbling over outstretched legs and knocking against waving arms.

But who wants to eat anything when Eftalya is singing? Drink? Yes—give me *raki*, or no—beer, and plenty. The hot storm which raged over the town all day has dried my throat until it became brittle with thirst. Allah bless the Government who have allowed us to indulge in alcohol!

Allah? What a fool I am! Was it not he who had forbidden us to drink? But now we are free, we are Republicans, no longer are we ruled by those in the mosques. It is true, the Government are perhaps going a little too far. They do not want us to listen to Eftalya. She belongs to the past, her plaintive songs are not good Turkish, they are echoes from the deserts of Arabia, primitive and monotonous and untamed.

The Government want us to love western music, to turn to Europe as a model, away from the dark East. But our mother did not sing *lieder* to us, her voice did not rise from her breast, it came straight out of her throat, high-pitched and drawn-out. As long as Eftalya is still alive, let us come and listen to her.

How could we celebrate this first Turkish Sunday—no tears that the holy Friday is gone!—better than by joining into Eftalya's song:

> Spring blossoms in my heart,
> And you are the nightingale.
> You give me every day
> The joy of a sweet-scented flower.

Eftalya stands on the stage of a small pavilion which has the form of an enormous shell. Its outside is painted grey, but the inside papered with silver stars on a blue background. On the round wall, just in the centre, hangs a large picture of Mustafa Kamâl, now Atatürk, serious, almost a little grim.

Eftalya wears a pale pink evening dress, covered with coloured stones which also shine abundantly in a diadem around her bleached hair. Whenever she moves her body or head—and she does not remain motionless for a second—they glitter so vividly that it hurts to look at her.

Her face is covered with white powder and rouge, her neck looks waxen and strained. She wrings her hands in front of her bosom:

> You have fled into the mountains, my little fair-haired dove—,

and she stretches her arms in an all-imploring gesture:

> Shall I never see your white teeth again, smiling between your blood-red lips?

A man in a light grey suit stands behind her. Eftalya's husband, some assert. He accompanies her songs on a violin, and the movements of his body follow hers in a slower but carefully observed rhythm. The instrument in his hands shrieks and yells. Her voice trembles high in the air, lovesick and forlorn. Eftalya has no age, she is only a voice, belonging to the Turkey that has passed to the shadows.

Right in front of the stage, at a small table, sits a group of middle-aged men, dressed in modern, ready-made suits. The *raki*, smelling sweetly of anise, has confused their heads a little. They can no longer clearly see Eftalya, but they want to hear her voice: "More—sing another song, Daughter of the Sea—sing 'The Girl of Izmir.'"

But when Eftalya opens her mouth for the next song they have forgotten what they have asked for. It does not matter. They are happy—happier than ever in their life. And they cheer wildly, clapping their hands and shouting: "Brava, brava! More, Eftalya!" They even try to get up, but are either held down by their friends, or collapse softly under the strain of their own weight.

Close to Nefzat and myself is a table with six officers around it. The oldest, a colonel of about fifty, has pushed his cap back because of the heat. I can see the grey bristles on his shaven head. He has a plump, very dark face and listens with a serious and absorbed expression.

On his right sits a young lieutenant, hardly more than twenty-five. The brown uniform, the belt, the leather strap across his right shoulder—all fits him to perfection as if he had taken a special pride in choosing it. His eyes are brown and soft and shining with light. He smiles.

They have a gramophone in the mess-room with some of Eftalya's records. But he has never seen her before, and the song she is singing just now is completely new to him. Enchanted, his fingers tap its rhythm on the edge of the table. Eftalya is beautiful, her dress glitters, her voice—but there are no words to describe her voice. If Leila could sing like this he would worship her for ever. But the pretty Leila can only croak. And suddenly he shouts, in the middle of the third verse—he cannot bear to wait till the end—in a loud voice he shouts: "Long live the Daughter of the Sea!"

He lays his left hand on the colonel's shoulder and lifts his glass in his right. Though still solemn, the colonel responds kindly to the toast: "Long live the Daughter of the Sea!"

And at last one of the men near the stage manages to get up. He staggers past a table at which three elderly women are sitting, huddled in their black cloaks, and moves back to a group of quietly drinking men. To steady himself, he leans on the one nearest to him. Looking wistfully into the stranger's face, he says: "Merhaba!", an Arabian word which means "hello," still used by villagers.

The man answers politely with the customary formula: "May the peace of Allah be on you!" Thus encouraged, the slightly drunken man comes to the point: "You are my dear brother, aren't you?"

The other man nods without opening his mouth. "Well, then, come over to our table and let me offer you a drink!" But the man, though not ashamed to accept, does not want to leave his friends.

"Oh, bring them all along!" When he sees that his new brother is still hesitating he begins to beseech him: "Do come and have a drink. I kiss your eyes, my brother. I shall be your humblest slave for ever after. I kiss your feet. Don't let me die in misery. Do come!"

Only a stone could resist these fervent entreaties. The man, with an apologetic remark to his friends, gets up and walks over to the other table, led by the triumphant relative.

And still Eftalya sings. But I am tired now. I have finished eating my cherries. The block of ice on which they were brought to me has melted away, and the gravel around me is strewn with the stones which I spat on the ground, following the example of the other cherry-eaters.

I turn to Nefzat. Guessing my intention, he asks: "Shall we go home?" I nod my head. It is nice not to be forced to speak and to be softly led away. The moon is still shining on the new boulevard, and the pavement is blotted with the irregular shadows of young trees.

We begin a long march through the scattered town. My thoughts drift away on a stream of friendliness. "You are my brother, aren't you?" And I still hear the Daughter of the Sea: "You give me every day the joy of a sweet-scented flower."

Nefzat walks closely at my side. He is young, he loves his country, he will do great things for it. He smiles a little contemptuously when he thinks of Eftalya. Walking on, he lays his arm around my shoulders. Suddenly he bursts out singing, and to my amazement I recognise the first bars of the "Eroica."

LILO LINKE

FREDDY

NOBODY knows what I feel about Freddy
I cannot make anyone understand
I love him sub specie aeternitatis
I love him out of hand.
I don't love him so much in the restaurants that's a fact
To get him hobnob with my old pub chums needs too much tact
He don't love them and they don't love him
In the pub lub lights they say Freddy very dim.
But get him alone on the open saltings
Where the sea licks up to the fen
He is his and my own heart's best
World without end ahem.
People who say we ought to get married ought to get smacked
Why should we do it when we can't afford it and have ourselves whacked
Thank you kind friends and relations thank *you*
We do very well as we do.
Oh what do I care for the pub lub lights
And the friends I love so well
There's more in the way I feel about Freddy
Than a friend can tell.
But all the same I don't care much for his meelyoo I mean
I don't anheimate mich in the ha ha well off suburban scene
Where men are few and hearts go tumptytum
In the tennis club lub lights poet very dumb.
But there never was a boy like Freddy
For a haystack's ivory tower of bliss
Where speaking sub specie humanitatis
Freddy and me can kiss.
Exiled from his meelyoo
Exiled from mine
There's all Tom Tiddler's time pocket
For his love and mine.

STEVIE SMITH

NOTES ON THE CHINESE EXHIBITION

IT is lovely and disappointing, the Chinese Exhibition. For the loveliness we have to thank, besides the Chinese artists, Mr. Leigh Ashton; for our disappointment the selectors perhaps, and perhaps the Chinese artists as well. Never have the rooms at Burlington House been made to look so inviting. If ever is to be realised Roger Fry's idea of a couple of exhibition rooms in the British Museum, furnished from the laboratories and junk shops which now divide the spoil, we know the man to whom the job should be entrusted.

The Chou Bronzes in Gallery I—I call them Chou, vaguely may be, the catalogue calls them Shang-Yin, Early (Western) Chou, Spring and Autumn Annals, and Period of the Warring States—are superb. Never before have I seen such a collection, and I cannot hope ever to see such another. Piece after piece arrests, astounds and then completely satisfies the worshipper. Here, surely, are perfect works of art. Perfect in taste, perfect in tact, perfect in execution, these things cannot, with any show of sense, be called "primitive." Ignorant as I am of Chinese history, I feel sure they come out of a long tradition, that they are the products of a highly developed civilisation. Only in their intense expressiveness do they resemble primitive art; they are as sincerely "meant" as Romanesque sculpture or Greek of the sixth century. I have called them Chou. It will be noted that the organisers of the exhibition have more than doubled the number of schools into which scholars, twenty years ago, were able to fit the output of Chinese artists. They may well be justified. In the last eighty years or so our knowledge of *quattrocento* painting has increased so much that we have been obliged to divide the years that lie between Masaccio and Raphael, first into generations and then into decades almost. It may be that the old classifications—Chou, Han, Six Dynasties, Wei, Sui, T'ang—was much too rough-and-ready. But I should like to be sure that the experts really can distinguish between (say) "Early (Western) Chou" and "Period of the Spring and Autumn Annals," and that they are not giving us a lot of trouble for nothing.

Perfect in their own way, though on a lower plane than the Chou bronzes, are the Sung pots in Gallery VI. These two rooms (I and VI), along with what I call the Rockefeller Venus, provide the thrills of the show. Consider the white Ting ware, with a drawing inscribed under the glaze sometimes, consider especially certain pieces in the cabinets on either side of the central arch: can the potter's art go further? Assuredly it never has. Technically, I imagine, these pieces are unsurpassed. But it is not technical achievement that moves us profoundly. In the later rooms, in the porcelain of K'ang-hsi (1662–1722) and even of the Ch'ien-lung (1736–1795) period, you will see works which are the complete expression of the miraculous skill and science of the manufacturer. These Sung pieces are all that, and more, far more. For in these small and exquisitely fragile forms an artist has contrived to express himself.

The first disappointment of the exhibition is the sculpture. In the Lecture Room, to be sure, we find the Rockefeller Venus, a masterpiece of T'ang sculpture—indeed a masterpiece *tout court*. I call it the Rockefeller Venus—it is a Bodhisattva in fact—because it is essentially Græco-Indian, and reminds us in its movement and even more in its modelling of Venuses and Victories we have known. The back view of this beautiful figure is, I think, the most ravishing thing in the house. Set round it is a goodish array of T'ang or paulo-pre-T'ang sculpture: 2393 (catalogued, "Northern Ch'i") is certainly first-rate, and 2361 may be; the row of figures (2383, 4, 6, 8, 90, 91) without being impressive is satisfying; and here are a couple of admirably carved stelæ and the sides of a splendid stone sarcophagus; while hard by, in Room II, are the Han slab (485) from the Cernuschi and the Han column (pottery) from the Louvre, both of which are excellent. In Room III is more T'ang sculpture of merit—especially likeable a Seated Buddha (753) in dry lacquer—as well as a case of fine mirrors. While in Room VI are two charming specimens of late sculpture, No. 1301, lent by Mr. C. T. Loo and modestly dated "probably Yüan" and No. 1299, from the Eumorfopoulos collection, as characteristically labelled "perhaps Sung."

All this sounds well enough, but we had looked for better. For we have seen better in the shops of French dealers, notably *chez* Vignier in old days. And one cannot help feeling that if the Royal Academy had not succeeded in obtaining, to set above the door of its Lecture Room, a cast of the Michelangelo *tondo* so unbelievably bad as to be almost unrecognisable, the contrast between Eastern and Western sculpture would have gone all in favour of the latter. By the way, the organisers need not have been at pains to transport that colossal figure of the Buddha from New York to the Central Hall. Were it reduced to the size of a chimney-piece ornament it would lose nothing, for its vastness adds nothing to its importance: a poor thing, redounding to the credit of the organisers' efficiency I presume.

But it is the painting which provokes the bitterest disappointment. Let us admit at once that, seeing these pictures through Western eyes, we may be missing beauties which to Chinese amateurs are patent. Only, we have seen Chinese paintings which, to our eyes even, were better than anything to be seen here. We need go no further than the British Museum, we have only to look again at the Ku-k'ai-chih, of which, by the way, that engraved Han slab from the Cernuschi is oddly reminiscent in style, to assure ourselves of the fact. Two paintings only have the air of having been great pictures—the famous *Drunken Orgy* (810) and No. 1000—and both are so worn as to be almost undecipherable. Two pictures of horses, belonging to the Yüan period, have found enthusiastic admirers. They are agreeable pieces to be sure, which by their sincere and painterlike qualities please amateurs weary of artifice and literature. But they are no more better than Morland at his best than the master of the drunken orgy is better than Simone Martini. Forty years ago, when Hokousai was all the rage, when Crowhall was vastly admired and Daniele de la Vierge was not despised, Ma Fên's *Hundred Geese* (No. 1387) would have been compared with pictures by Degas and extolled to the skies. It is at once a piece of prodigious observation and alarming *chic*. It will not quite do. We have been told that, for the Chinese, calligraphy alone counts in painting. It may be so. Further we are told that calligraphy is the only art which in China is taken seriously. All I can say is, that from that little book in which Professor Giles gives extracts from the writings of the most eminent Chinese critics I got no such impression. If sinologues of repute—Mr. Loo and Mr. Waley, Mr. Leigh Ashton and Mr. Binyon—confirm the statement, I bow to their superior erudition. But I have no notion of bowing to the first little journalist who thinks to startle and bemuse middle-brow readers with his oriental knowing.

Judged by the highest standards, Chinese art after the early Ming period—after 1500, say—falls into the second class. It remains admirable in technique always, and in taste often; but taste and technique are not enough. In European art during the last five hundred years there have been plenty of ups and downs; a convention has been worked to death, artists have come to depend entirely on their skill and wit, art has become anæmic and academic. But in Europe no sooner has this happened, than some new artist or school of artists has arisen to assert the claims of the creative imagination and produce with primitive ardour original work. In China nothing of this sort seems to have occurred. From Chou to Ch'ing, it would be almost true to say, the road has led downhill all the way, though at first very gradually, if at all. Wars, invasions and revolutions have apparently counted for little or nothing, and the introduction of Buddhism seems to have been the only event which has seriously ruffled "the vast equality of the (artistic) empire of China." That "great awakening" of the twentieth century notwithstanding, Chinese painting to-day, if we may judge by the exhibition held only last summer in London, is as able and insignificant as it was a hundred years ago.

It is tempting—it is, in fact, inevitable—after studying this exhibition of Chinese art from Chou to Ch'ing, from 1000 B.C. to A.D. 1800, to compare it with the collection which could be made of European art from primitive Greek sculpture to Cézanne, from 600 B.C. to A.D. 1900. I hope it is for aesthetic reasons alone that I feel, making allowance for our incapacity fully to appreciate oriental art, that the verdict must go overwhelmingly in favour of the west. To say that European artists have dug deeper into experience and have therefore touched more resonant chords in us is easy, and does not mean much, and is not the sort of criticism I care about. But I think it is exact to say that European artists, less hampered by conventions, less tied to good manners, have been more individual and more enterprising; that they have not been afraid to express the eccentricities, both sublime and ridiculous, of their peculiar temperaments; and that consequently Italian painting from Giotto to Raphael is richer and more touching than the art of Chou or Sung, and Romanesque sculpture more exciting and various than T'ang. And where is the Chinese Rembrandt? CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Mutiny on the Bounty" at the Empire

Judged as a reconstruction of history this film is of course preposterous. It does not matter much that Captain Bligh is made to return to Tahiti, or even that he is made an almost crazy sadist, whereas the evidence suggests that he was a martinet and a *mauvais coucheur*, but less brutal than some of his fellows. It is the whole atmosphere which is irretrievably remote from the eighteenth century. Mr. Clark Gable and Mr. Franchot Tone act well and strip well, but their *Bengal Lancer* David and Jonathan goings on are mere celluloid. Mr. Laughton, on the other hand, gets away with it by sheer virtuosity; but we are hypnotised into believing in him, though we cannot believe in his Bligh. The marine photographs are magnificent, the Tahitian scenes disappointing. The story moves fairly fast, considering that costume invariably slows directors down, but the film still needs cutting. As an exciting, rather painful, entertainment admirably acted and in part admirably photographed, it can be recommended. But if one has any feeling for period, one is unluckily precluded from real enjoyment of any period film.

"Here Comes the Bride" at the Plaza

Probably Miss Claudette Colbert is as talented an actress now that she's enjoying a second burst of success as she was in her slightly less kittenish, less American days, when she graced *The Big Pond* and *Three-Cornered Moon* with a more grown-up, Gallic vivacity and finesse. She's as expert and likeable as ever, and there are some things gaily sentimental which she does better than anybody. But her dresses and her voice have grown fluffier of late. It would be dreadful if she were to become arch as well as charming. . . . Another thing that puzzles us about American movies is that, ever since Frank Capra got such high marks from everyone for directing that casual, cute little picture *It Happened One Night*, the sets of so many films have gone foggy and artificial. They don't seem to trouble about exteriors any more. Or perhaps they spend a million dollars getting them to look like that—all hazy, improbable, a sort of permanent Embankment backdrop, redolent of romance. Of course it may be a result of the Depression, a return to Victorianism, a swing of the pendulum, the Back to the Bogus idea—but in any case it's enervating to look at after a while. *Here Comes the Bride* combines scenarios A 1 and B 1: the Triangle—2 acute (male) angles and 1 obtuse (female)—and the one about Work *v.* Wealth. I call that pretty smart. There's also the variation (if you prefer Robert Young to Fred MacMurray) that this time she marries the wrong guy. It's an amusing, sentimental film, well cast, well enough made. And of course the jokes are always fresh. But I feel that even right-angled Triangle A 2 (two women, one man) would make a welcome change once in a while.

"Reifende Jugend" at the Forum

How many German films have there been about schools, calf-love and discipline? There must have been dozens. I, to my sorrow, can remember six. How many good ones? Only *Mädchen in Uniform*. Hertha Thiele, who gave such a fine performance in that film, is the unrecognisably plain heroine of *Ripening Youth*, "a psychological study of three girls who enter a boys' school to prepare for their final examination." Result: Intense rivalry between the Science master and a boy named Sengebusch; dirty work at the Oral exam.; and a bluff, benignant Nazi headmaster (well portrayed by Heinrich Georg) who settles this problem of Honour by passing the boy because anyway he's such a nice fellow! The *schwärmerei* issue is left unsolved: *floreat Narkover*. . . . It may be unfair to compare this boisterous Teutonic twaddle—all tragedy and giggles—with that witty, slightly surrealist study of French schoolchildren—Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite*—which was shown by the North London Film Society on January 5th. The two are as different as sugar and salt. But the Academy is presenting *Sans Famille*, with Robert Lynen, and there to hand is a film that is sure to possess some of the delicacy, perception and intelligence which made *Poil de Carotte*, *Le Petit Roi*, *Son Autre Amour* and *La Maternelle* worth seeing.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 10th—
M. A. Abrams on "Money"; J. J. Denton on "Advanced Television"; and Miss Clarice Moffat on "Everyday Art," Morley College, 7.30.
Alberto Cavalcanti on "The French Silent Films," Central Club Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, 8.
S.C.R. Reception in Honour of the Soviet Poets: A. Bezymensky, I. Selvinsky and S. Kirsanov, Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8.30.

SATURDAY, January 11th—
Song and Speech Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
F. D. Klingender on "Art Under Dictatorship," 4 Meard Street (off Dean Street, Soho), 3.

SUNDAY, January 12th—
Joseph McCabe on "Professor Dewey's Creed for Everyman," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
Laurance Turner String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
Viscount Hastings on "Diego Rivera," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, January 13th—
Peter Manniche on "The Danish Folk High Schools," London School of Economics, 7.30.

TUESDAY, January 14th—
Alfred Salter, M.P., on "Land, Food, Markets and War," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Alistair Cooke on "The Cinema," Morley College, 8.
British Institute of Philosophical Studies. The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews on "God and the Ultimate Values," University College, Gower Street, 8.15. Cards of admission obtainable from the Director of Studies, University Hall, 14 Gordon Square.
"Richard III," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, January 15th—
Paul Rotha on "Introduction to the Cinema," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

THURSDAY, January 16th—
Arnold Silcock on "Chinese Art," Morley College, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Society, conducted by Felix Weingartner, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Pages from a Diary," Garrick Theatre.

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HUMBER

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"OF making books there is no end," Mr. Smith-Dampier quotes the line of Ecclesiastes on the last page of his *Who's Who in Boswell* (Blackwell, 10*s.* 6*d.*), which is indeed an example of that better kind of book-making done not to a publisher's orders or to feed a starving family, but purely from the love of the subject. The book, we may be sure, is only the outward visible token of the devoted interest of forty years, crystallised from continual reading and storing of facts, and such pleasant investigations as visiting houses of Johnsonian or Boswellian interest, or even in looking at the same ponds that Johnson looked at.

> He (Thomas Percy, D.D.) held for about thirty years the living of Easton Mauditt in Northamptonshire. A visit in 1934 was most interesting, showing the old oak staircase in the vicarage, the pond, the terrace-walk, and the lime trees in the garden, unchanged since Percy's days.

I like the kind of sentiment which inspires such pilgrimages and feel an envious desire to imitate the pilgrim. Mr. Smith-Dampier's book is 366 pages long—his plan has been to consecrate one page to each of the important persons mentioned in Boswell's life. I cannot help wishing that each page were not headed by a day of the month. There is no connection between, let us say, Mrs. Siddons and October 22nd, except that October is towards the end of the year and S is towards the end of the alphabet.

* * *

Obviously this is a useful book and one to dip into, or to keep handy when reading Boswell, or indeed any other book dealing with English society in the eighteenth century, rather than to read through. The dipping that I have done shows what one would have expected: that the pages are least helpful where one knows most. Thus there is no indication in the notice on Gibbon that *The Decline and Fall* was a work of immense importance in the history of thought, while the sentence: *Acquaintance with Voltaire largely accounts for Gibbon's subsequent infidelity*, is surprising. Voltaire had perhaps more influence in corrupting Gibbon's tastes in literature than his beliefs in "the important truths" of Christianity. Gibbon's ideas were more profoundly influenced by Locke, Montesquieu and Fontenelle than by Voltaire. In the page devoted to Richardson we are told nothing of the immense literary success of *Pamela*, which made its author almost the most famous novelist in Europe, and nothing of the personal qualities of the man—of his passion for respectability and for female society. In the same way Goldsmith's credulity, his leading characteristic, is not mentioned. In the page on Congreve we are told *he wrote one paper in Steele's Tatler*—a statement for which Mr. Smith-Dampier should get high, though not full, marks. The reader will search the volumes of Steele's *Tatler* for it as vainly as he will search the *Complete Works* of Congreve. The mystery is explained by a reading of the *Journal to Stella*, which contains Swift's account of his dealings with "that little jackanapes Harrison," who produced a few *Tatlers* at the beginning of 1710, after the change in the ministry, and before Steele and Addison had started *The Spectator*.

> I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler, he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich and went and bought a coat of arms at the Heralds, and a set of ancestors at Fleet Ditch; 'tis well enough . . .

Well enough for little Harrison perhaps, but scarcely worthy of Congreve was my opinion when I ran it to earth and copied it out some ten years ago. Incidentally Mr. Smith-Dampier says of Swift and Stella:

> Following Swift to Ireland, they remained faithful to each other till Stella's death in 1728, secretly married though never living together.

The facts in this sentence are as questionable as its grammar. The existence of the secret marriage has never been *proved*, while Swift can only be said to have been faithful in that we do not believe he gave to Vanessa what we do not believe he gave to Stella.

* * *

In undertaking to write an adequate notice in one page each of such great writers as Swift, Gibbon, Pope, Sterne and Congreve, Mr. Smith-Dampier has attempted the most difficult thing in the world, and it is not surprising that one should be able to pick holes in the results. His failure in such cases hardly, however, detracts much from the value of *Who's Who in Boswell*, the best and the most useful pages of which chronicle the lives of the obscure. These accounts provide us with delightful supplementary information. For example, Johnson's negro servant Barber went with his white wife to live at Lichfield after the doctor's death.

> That Johnson had not educated Frank in vain is evident from his keeping a school himself later, as did his widow afterwards, in Lichfield.

Their son, Samuel, became a local Methodist preacher. Mr. Smith-Dampier, moreover, writes much more amusingly of the obscure:

> The vicar of Branxton, in Northumberland, once declared, for the encouragement of his only child, "You may make that place remarkable for your birth." Failure to accomplish his father's prophecy accounts for the soured nature of a disappointed man . . .

This was the author of an *Essay on Misanthropy*, Percival Stockdale, who led a chequered career as naval officer, clergyman and author.

> After destroying a *History of Gibraltar* in despondency, and resolving to abandon authorship, Stockdale changed his mind.

* * *

In looking through Boswell in order to see what names Mr. Smith-Dampier has left out, I noticed the name *Manucci* mentioned in Johnson's notes of his tour to France. *Manucci procured us lodgings*, and later on by Boswell (Vol. III, p. 89, Birkbeck Hill):

> Count Manucci came here last week from travelling in Ireland. I have shewn him what civilities I could on his own account, on your's, and on that of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale.

This was in 1776. Was he perhaps the same Count Manucci whom Casanova met in Madrid in 1768, who helped to get Casanova out of prison and was rewarded by being introduced to a sharper who swindled or blackmailed him? Later on, Casanova makes out that Manucci hired three bandits to waylay and assassinate him as he was leaving Spain. The evidence for this is feeble, and the circumstances in which he describes his later meeting with Manucci in Rome make it appear probable that this was a romantic fantasy. I mention the subject because the great edition of *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova*, which has been in course of publication for a dozen years, is at last complete (12 vols., La Sirène, Paris). It does not provide any note on Count Manucci and the general index does not even record his frequent appearances in Vol. XI. The editing is not comparable with that of Birkbeck Hill and Mr. L. F. Powell! In spite of the enormous apparatus of illustrations and textual and explanatory notes, this edition is a disappointment. The manuscript of Casanova's Memoirs remains in the hands of its owners, who refuse to publish or to produce it, and we are once more given the version of Laforgue, though with a summary of the two missing chapters, IV and V of Vol. XII, which was discovered in the library at Dux. Casanova's Memoirs are fascinating, since they present a unique view of eighteenth-century Europe. He travelled in every country, and wherever he went mixed with card-sharpers, prostitutes, aristocrats and literary men. The character he draws of himself is singularly unattractive, and he is quite unaware of his worst qualities. For example, when he was in the prison from which Manucci rescued him, a room full of starving men lying in their own ordure, Casanova had his dinner sent in from outside. He insisted that every scrap that was left over should be carried out again, so that his fellow-prisoners should not benefit. In this way he wanted to mark the difference between him and them. The final picture that we get of the bored old man scribbling away in the library at Dux, where he squabbled with the other dependents, is sufficiently pathetic. The days of his amorous exploits and his great gambling coups were over forever, but he still longed for greatness. There is something touching in the thought of his writing letters to The Royal Society and all the learned societies in Europe, vainly soliciting their interest in the unsatisfactory partial demonstrations of problems in solid geometry, with which he hoped to become famous.

* * *

Apart from the enormous advantage provided by good printing and good type, and the interest of having illustrations of many of the characters, the chief merit of this elaborate Sirène edition is that there is an introductory essay to each volume. Thus there is an extremely interesting explanation by Bernard Marr in Vol. III of just how Casanova worked his Kab-Eli, or pyramid of numbers, so as to arrive at the answer which he had previously decided on, while Charles Samaran contributes further information about Casanova's famous escape from Venice. The most interesting of these prefatory essays is, I think, that by J. D. Rolleston on Casanova's medical knowledge and his relations with doctors. The synopsis of the two lost chapters in the last volume provides one more dream fantasy of a middle-aged man with young girls—one of whom, I need scarcely tell my Casanovist readers, is really his daughter. But Casanova will only become really interesting when the firm of Brockhaus is forced to disgorge and the authentic manuscript is printed as it was written by the old scoundrel.

DAVID GARNETT

PSYCHOLOGY AT LARGE

Psychology and Modern Problems. Edited by J. A. HADFIELD. *The University of London Press.* 5s.

The Chemistry of Thought. By CLAUDE A. CLAREMONT. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

Can there be a science of thought? It depends upon what we mean by science. If by a science we mean the establishment of causal connections between phenomena entailing calculation in regard to the past, verification in regard to the present and prediction in regard to the future, the answer seems to be No. Because A has occurred, *therefore* B will also occur, says the scientist. Now if the human mind is free in any of the senses in which freedom has been claimed for it, then there is an element of incalculability in all human behaviour. In other words, it will never be possible to say with complete certainty in relation to mental events, "Because A has occurred, *therefore* B will also occur." In the last resort, in fact, mind belongs to the province of philosophy, and, as Dr. Hadfield rightly points out, it was only when psychology began to win free from its origins in the womb of philosophy that it also began to achieve valuable results.

But if by science we mean the establishment of such correlations between phenomena as will enable us to explain one by reference to and in terms of another, and if, further, we are prepared to concede that our explanation can never have more than a high probability value, then psychology may increasingly lay claim to the title of scientific. It cannot, I think, do all that Dr. Hadfield claims for it; it cannot, that is to say, "discover why a man marries a particular type of woman, why he chooses a particular profession, why he becomes a philosopher rather than a business man, why he loves pleasure or is ascetic, why he is genial and sociable," and I do not believe, and I am glad not to believe, that it ever will. (I make a clean breast of this "gladness" as in duty bound, since the fact that I feel it will no doubt afford Dr. Hadfield a complete explanation and disproof of the belief that occasions the feeling.) But as the present volume demonstrates, it can already do a very great deal. For here are seven eminent persons resorting to psychology to throw light upon branches of study other than psychology of which they already possess more or less expert knowledge. Professor Ginsberg applies psychology to sociology; Professor Seligman to anthropology; Professor Ramsay Muir to history and politics; Dr. Crichton Millar to education; Professor Flugel to marriage, morals and the family; Dr.

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Emmanuel Miller to the problem of the artistic temperament and the process of artistic creation; and the Dean of St. Paul's to the interpretation of religion. The results are undeniably impressive. It is, indeed, impossible to follow these avenues of psychological approach to the various departments of human study and activity without feeling that one knows considerably more about the subject matter under treatment than one did before the psychologists took it in hand. Take, for example, the question of racial differences. Professor Ginsberg and Professor Seligman both come to what is broadly the same conclusion—namely, that their importance has been considerably over-estimated. Genetic differences due to differences of inherited racial temperament or bodily constitution undoubtedly exist; " but there is increasing difficulty in defining them." Increasingly, it is found that the differences once attributed to race are really the effect of environment. Change his environment, and the Italian, as Professor Ginsberg points out, becomes energetic, the Englishman dirty. Even the so-called hereditary likenesses between parents and children are largely due to psychological factors. A man bullies his wife, and so, it appears, did his father before him. Is wife-bullying, then, an inherited trait passed on from father to son? Not at all. It is the result of a psychological complex on the part of the son formed as a result of his " identification " of himself with his father in early infancy. Now all this is very encouraging to the social reformer. Human nature is not something fixed by inheritance; it is something which we can change by changing its environment.

This brings us to the contribution of psychology to education. The mind, most psychologists are now agreed, is neither a mosaic of bits nor a bundle of faculties. It is a dynamic activity, in which different stresses, potentialities and urges come at different times uppermost. It is with the relevance of this conception of mind to the education of young children that Dr. Crichton Millar is chiefly concerned.

I have just said that " most psychologists are now agreed," but I should perhaps have excepted Mr. Claremont. Mr. Claremont, resident Director of the Montessori Training College in London, holds that the method of training popularised by Madame Montessori " throws light upon the thinking process itself." The " light " reveals thinking as consisting of a number of elements which are apparently as separate and discrete as the old-fashioned unit elements of matter. What makes one process of thinking different from another is the different way in which these elements are arranged, and the different proportions in which they are present. What psychology has to do is to discover the laws of their arrangement. In his capacity of discoverer of these laws of arrangement the author claims to have established that —I quote from the jacket—" the thought process concerned in solving a geometrical problem is not the same as that used in composing a poem." As regards this, I simply must agree with Mr. Claremont. Indeed, I cannot help myself. But here the limit of my agreement is reached. For if one thing rather than another can be considered to have been established by psychology, it is that there are no unit elements of thought in Mr. Claremont's sense; which brings me back to Dr. Crichton Millar.

If the human psyche consists of dynamic drives and impulses, education will consist in " liberating them and directing them towards healthy ends." Dr. Crichton Millar concludes that the ideal of education should be the training of character. It is not to the development of reason that we should look to enable the child to resist the modern crime of " psychological assault," but to that of character. I wonder, incidentally, whether it is Dr. Millar's reason or his character that assures him of this important truth.

As the book proceeds, and the subjects dealt with recede ever farther from the province of science, the psychological treatment becomes increasingly unsatisfactory. Dr. Matthews very properly points out that to prove that religion arises from the need for a father does not disprove the truth of religion. But Dr. Emmanuel Miller's interpretation of the significance of art in terms of the psychology of the artist is not always very happy. " We sometimes," says Dr. Hadfield in summarising Dr. Miller's contribution, " find the source of the artistic production in some morbid complex within his soul." Possibly; possibly not. But even if it is true, what does it avail the visitor to the Chinese Exhibition to remind himself, as he gazes at the masterpieces which bewilder yet delight him, that the source of their production is " some morbid complex within " the artist's " soul." I do not want, however, to mislead the reader into thinking that this is not an extremely valuable book.

C. E. M. JOAD

MORE PLACES

The Unambitious Journey. By The Hon. THEODORA BENSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.

Traveller in Time. By MAIRIN MITCHELL. *Sheed and Ward.* 7s. 6d.

Men Against the Clouds. By RICHARD BURDSALL and ARTHUR EMMONS. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

At an exasperated moment of her triumphal progress through Eastern Europe, Miss Benson pauses to quote these remarks by Dickens on " Our Bore ":

> Our bore has travelled. . . . It happened that when our bore was in Switzerland he discovered a valley . . . the whole village turned out to receive our bore. The peasant girls kissed him, the men shook hands with him, one old lady . . . wept upon his breast. . . . They called him in their simple way *l'Ange Anglais*, the English Angel. When our bore left the valley there was not a dry eye in the place; some of the people attended him for miles. . . .

Having thus deftly forestalled criticism, Miss Benson resumes her own continuous presentation of the English Angel (with her travelling companion, Miss Betty Askwith, as a second, slightly less interesting member of the tribe). The Balkans, Greece and Turkey are alike in furnishing, first and foremost, detailed accounts of the *empressement* of the local swains, and the " touching " and " sweet " behaviour of all and sundry to these heavenly visitors. In other parts, the book is tinged with the unconscious stupidity or ignorance (or it seemed so to me, coming almost fresh from Mr. Footman's unusually well-informed *Balkan Holiday*), and the more deep-rooted stupidity of the well-to-do—so inevitable in appearance that one can hardly fail to be reminded of the camel and the needle's eye. Worst of all, Miss Benson vindicates her soul, from time to time, by what she herself might describe as " touching " and " wise " comments on the scheme of things. It would, therefore, be nice to say of *The Unambitious Journey*, " We are not amused," only unluckily it *is* amusing—sometimes very amusing. On her own level, Miss Benson is competent and lively witted, and she has produced as entertaining a light travel book as one could wish for (though, I think, at rather a high price). My favourite character was the Communist chauffeur who thought it right to attempt a little propaganda, and began by remarking persuasively: " Jésus-Christ pas bon ? "

It is only too easy to be unamused by *Traveller in Time*. This rather mysterious-looking volume is composed of travel sketches in a tiresome framework—a young Irishman, named Colm, has discovered " tempevision," and is demonstrating it in a film of travel scenes from his own past. I don't know what purpose this fiction is supposed to serve—unless to justify scrappiness and superficiality, not to say tedium. How tired the " scientific audience " must have grown! The one connecting link is Irish nationalism: Colm's chief interest in every town he visits seems to be the question whether it contains, or ever has contained, an Irish colony. My reaction to this attitude may be quite wrong: perhaps the elaborate mutual-admiration scenes between Colm and a group of Basque nationalists are really noble. It does not seem possible to be equally mistaken about Colm's painted-cardboard view of the great world—real nowhere, all made up of the romantic and the picturesque, with sham ghosts and slick, appropriate miracles. I suspect that as a travel-author Miss Mitchell has been sitting at the feet of Mr. Belloc, but my acquaintance with him is not fresh enough to justify a definite statement. At any rate, she has decided literary pretensions, and about these again there may be two opinions. She writes with great competence in a certain style, so that it all depends on what you think of the style. Do you, for instance, like this simple sentence:

> For there's much to keep us talking in Madrid to-day.

I don't.

Men Against the Clouds is a relief indeed—another of those admirable books by people who are not " literary," but happen to have done something worth relating. What these young Americans (there were four of them altogether) did, was the ascent of Minya Konka, a mountain on the Tibetan border, and the second highest that has ever been climbed. The preliminary journey, the ascent, the retreat—with one of the party laid low by frostbite—all are described adequately, with refreshing straightforwardness, and the innocent dignity peculiar to this kind of writing. The photographs are very good: above all, the subject is so admirably sufficient!

K. JOHN

HISTORY ADORNED AND UNADORNED

The Son of Marie Antoinette. By MEADE MINNEGERODE. *Jarrolds.* 18s.
Life and Loves of Marie Walewska. By COUNT D'ORNANO. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.
The Funeral March of a Marionette. By SUSAN BUCHAN. *Hogarth Press.* 4s. 6d.

It is a pity that so many writers of historical biography regard their undertaking as one of making history palatable. All three books at the head of this review are concerned with curious events, happening to real people, in times which are, comparatively speaking, recent and well-documented. Yet only one of them, the cheapest and the shortest, shows any confidence in the value of the story it has to tell, or takes it for granted that while readers are naturally anxious to know what authority the author has for his statements, they can do a great deal of the work of the imagination for themselves.

This need for dressing up the facts is especially unfortunate in the case of the first of them. "The Mystery of the Temple Tower" has excited curiosity for well over a hundred years. It is very unlikely that we shall ever know what happened, and yet the evidence against Louis XVII's being the boy who was buried in his name is very strong. Certain facts about the little boy we know. We know the colour of his hair; we know that he had a vaccination mark and a malformation of the ear; we know that he was talkative and lively. Time passed and apparently a different boy was in his place. No one who had known him a year ago was allowed to visit him again. His hair was a different colour, he was apparently quite dumb, and the doctors who visited him saw no distinctive marks. Even in the grave the mystery continues. The bones have twice been examined, and, whatever else may be said about them, they are clearly not those of a boy ten years old.

Of course there is a great deal more in the mystery than this, and I should imagine that Mr. Minnegerode has succeeded in telling us most of it. As a work of compilation his book is extremely thorough. Where it irritates is in its chattily allusive and pictorial style, which at times suggests a potted work of history written by Carlyle for children.

In commending the *Life and Loves of Marie Walewska*, the "blurb" upon the dust cover says that its author "never forgets that history unadorned can offer situations beyond the invention of any novelist." To which one can only answer, "but he does." He forgets it continually. And that is why one sometimes distrusts him, and can never trust him wholly.

The Count d'Ornano is Marie Walewska's great-grandson. He has been brought up in a Marie Walewska atmosphere. The house he lived in and those he visited were full of mementoes of her. And it is true that family tradition is valuable, and that old people's memories of those they have known in their youth can tell one a great deal. But nothing, short of being a contemporary and hiding under a sofa, can tell one what lovers, even lovers like Napoleon and Marie Walewska, said to one another when they were alone, and not even that can tell one what they thought.

At last, in *The Funeral March of a Marionette*, we come upon history unadorned, and a very little bit of history at that. Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, was a daughter of "the Young Pretender" and Clementina Walkinshaw. Some of her letters have been discovered among the North papers which have recently been presented to the Bodleian. They are simple letters, written in illiterate and vilely spelt French, to her mother in Paris. They begin in 1785, just after she had joined her father in Rome, and continue to Charlotte's death in 1789. They are largely concerned with shopping (for Charlotte could not find the clothes or hats she wanted out of Paris), with the continual lack of money, and with her difficulties in managing her father and her uncle, the Cardinal of York. What makes them charming is Charlotte's complete lack of imagination where we, her future readers, are concerned. She does not realise that she is living in Rome at the end of the eighteenth century. She sees no beauty in the buildings, is uninterested in antiquity, and pays more attention to money and the conventions than to what is going on in Paris immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution.

Around these letters Lady Tweedsmuir has written just enough narrative to let us understand them, and when she tells us a fact she tells us where it comes from. It may seem an easy way to write good history, but it is a way for which one at least of her readers is very grateful.

RALPH WRIGHT

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Silas Crockett. By Mary Ellen Chase. *Collins.* *7s. 6d.*

Balkan Monastery. By Stephen Graham. *Nicholson and Watson.* *7s. 6d.*

Freedom, Farewell! By Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz.* *8s. 6d.*

Considering the wide target that we offer, it is remarkable that the present generation should have produced so few really good satirists. Perhaps the satirical writers of to-day are embarrassed by the richness of the material that confronts them at every turn of the road. It is possible that to develop a sense of the ridiculous one needs to live in a period where the opportunities of exercising it are somewhat less abundant. It is possible, too, that, a capacity for generous indignation having been omitted from the average modern temperament, our satirists lack the necessary spur: since, in order to rage brilliantly, one must be slightly shocked. Vigorous satire, however ribald, has a moral basis. It is soon exhausted in the thin air of indifference or stoicism.

One notices, for example, that Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the only young modern novelist who has made the satirical romance his own, has the kind of conscience that ultimately seeks refuge beneath the wings of Mother Church. Even his earliest and most light-hearted books show the influence of a certain moral *malaise;* and it is just that type of *malaise*, when combined with a keen appreciation of the more ludicrous and unbecoming aspects of contemporary behaviour, which produces satire that leaves its mark upon the period. Yes, Mr. Waugh has plenty of *saeva indignatio*. In every book he appears to be shaking off the dust of roaring 'twenties and flagging 'thirties:

> Tired with the noisome follies of the age,
> And wearied of my part, I quit the stage;
> For who in life's dull farce a part would bear,
> Where rogues, whores, bawds, all the head actors are?

But, in its successor, he returns, vigorously if regretfully, to the castigation of a period that he half admires. Mr. Powell, on the other hand, is less romantic. He has no pity and very little indignation; and though, personally, I find myself nearer to his standpoint than to that of Mr. Waugh, there is no doubt that, were he more intolerant, his satire might gain an imaginative and lyrical quality, of which it is at present somewhat short.

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—HAROLD LASKI *in The Sunday Referee*

". . . should be warmly welcomed, not only by all who are interested in Socialism, but by a wider English-speaking public, on account of the light thrown on the great events . . . which occurred in the stirring period covered."—*The Times*

CHAPMAN & HALL

Still, *Agents and Patients* is a diverting book, its chief disadvantage being that the satire remains curiously unfocused, skipping from episode to episode and character to character without any effect of progress or coherent design. But why complain of a book that makes one laugh? *Agents and Patients* has made me laugh aloud, at frequent intervals, from the first to the last page, partly because it contains a large number of portraits, recognisable, amusing and often highly malicious, partly because Mr. Powell is an efficient story-teller and seldom allows his victims to pause for breath. You can pick up his narrative wherever you please. To unfold his fantasy, Mr. Powell has adopted the well-worn device of plunging an innocent and simple-minded character into surroundings for which he is totally unprepared. Blore-Smith is a dull, decent young man, just down from Oxford, with a bank balance that he has not yet learned how to spend. A cruel destiny shipwrecks him on the sea-coasts of High Bohemia. The genial Reggie Frott, proprietor of the Frott Gallery, whose appearance suggests "an intemperate little boy of twelve years old or, alternatively, an octogenarian jockey left over from the Phil May period," sells him a bogus modern masterpiece. Maltravers, a tall, handsome, raffish-looking young man in a large check overcoat, attempts to drag him into the film business. Chipchase arranges to have him psycho-analysed; and, finally, the fascinating but grasping Mrs. Mendoza sweeps him off on an escapade that costs him a great deal of money but from which he derives very little satisfaction, either sensual or psychological.

Agents and Patients can be recommended to all readers who demand of a novel that it should be light, malicious and high-spirited, and *No Retreat*, *Silas Crockett* and *Balkan Monastery* to those who enjoy informative novels, particularly when the information they contain bears some reference to contemporary historical fact. Thus, *No Retreat* by Mr. D. J. Hall deals with oil-drilling in Roumania and with the effects of industrial development on a population that has been accustomed to peasant standards and peasant habits of thought for many hundreds of years. As in most books of the kind that I have read, the core of the novel—the solid descriptive passages, concerned with the excitement and hazards of oil-drilling—is far more vivid that the slightly specious human drama in which it is embedded. Stephen and his love-affair with the beautiful peasant girl meant very little to me; but I was fascinated by the description of the Roumanian landscape; by a glimpse of the oil-gusher as it bursts up from the bowels of the earth, smothering engineers and workmen with a spray of black reeking fluid; and by the account of how the steel bit snaps off, below the surface, and has to be retrieved from a hole "nearly two thousand feet deep and at the bottom only eight inches in diameter."

Mr. Hall knows his subject and makes the most of it. Miss Chase, alas, though she knows her subject, is not content to let the story tell itself but spins out the thread with all kinds of sentimental and romantic interpolations. Her theme is the glory and gradual decline of the great sea-faring families of the New England coast. Four generations are covered by her book; and whereas the first Crockett to bear the Christian name of Silas is a prosperous sea-captain who sails his own ship round the Horn and as far east as Canton, whence he brings home silks, porcelain and lacquer to decorate the family house in Saturday Cove, the second and last sees his heirlooms dispersed, the house mortgaged and sold, and himself condemned to earn a living in a huge canning factory which—except for summer visitors—is one of the few sources of revenue that the coast still retains.

The book is interesting enough, but written, with a feminine wealth of detail, in a somewhat diffuse and sentimental manner. On the whole, I prefer *Balkan Monastery;* for, though Mr. Graham's prose tends to become rather slipshod towards the end of the volume, unlike Miss Chase he does not wander off into picturesque irrelevancies but sticks to the strange and moving tale of how a schoolful of little girls were evacuated from Belgrade at the beginning of the war; how they were transported to the remote Monastery of St. Roman (where pious Orthodox monks cured the insane by flogging and starving them in the belfry); and how they fared when the Serbian army, among whom were their fathers, uncles and brothers, made the famous march across Albania to the coast.

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forgotten children, *Balkan Monastery*, though a trifle loose and awkward in its shape, is an absorbing book and will hold a special interest for those who, like myself, enjoy volumes that deal with the less inhuman and more extravagant episodes of the Great War. What a book could be written round the adventures of the fantastic Czech legion that made its way across Siberia to Vladivostok, fighting now with the Whites, now with the Reds, but always single-minded in its purpose to return home! For true histories of the last twenty-five years, who would not exchange a wilderness of noble Romans? Miss Bentley, inspired by the present state of world politics, has set to work in *Freedom, Farewell!* to reconstruct a chapter of Roman history from the rise of Julius Caesar to the accession of Augustus; and the result is an interesting, but rather lumbering, historical novel, full of portraits that are now vivid and now over-drawn. There is an exciting account of the death of Julius Caesar and an admirable battle-scape of the disastrous field of Carrhae.

PETER QUENNELL

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Labour's Way to Use the Land. By TOM WILLIAMS, M.P. *Methuen.* 2*s*. 6*d*.

Nations Can Live at Home. By O. W. WILLCOX, Ph.D. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s*.

How are we to set about increasing the output of our soil? Of the three authors of the above books on this subject, Professor Stapledon towers like a giant above the rest. He writes with the fire and power that seem to have descended upon him like a mighty vision on the summits of the Welsh hills, where his reputation has been made. He loves the land and every acre of rural England passionately, and his ardour is the more intense because it is held in bounds and directed by the colder genius of the born scientist. He hates the present mess. Our unplanned building policy that absorbs into its profiteering maw hundreds of acres of the best farming land every year, our millions of acres of misused or wasted soil, the unlovely welter of broken down fences, semi-derelict farm buildings and cottages, waterlogged fields, side by side with wasted water supplies, fill him with a magnificent wrath which sweeps through the book with the plain-speaking of a Cobbett and the eloquence of an Arthur Street. He considers that a programme of farm renovation coupled with the management of grass in the light of recent knowledge could double, and probably treble, the farm output of this country.

Trumpeter Sound!

A TRUMPETER is necessary to a band; he is regarded as vicious when blowing his own in private life. But the proverbial exception arises.

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That metallic noise you hear now is me smashing the trumpet. I hate the thing. But I had to use it just once. By the way, I am 32 years old and can produce references second to none.

BOX 19, *New Statesman and Nation*, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

Mr. Tom Williams' contribution is of more modest dimensions. But in 120 small pages of large print he displays a native common sense which crosses the "t's" and dots the "i's" of many of Professor Stapledon's conclusions, and the two are at one in pressing the immediate need to renovate the land and arrange better credit facilities, described by Professor Stapledon as "the beginning and end of the whole matter." Mr. Williams, well known as the member for the Don Valley Division, has weakened his contribution by being unnecessarily polemical in trying to score points off his political adversaries. These passages only divert the reader from the true theme of the book and inspire one to find the answers, most of which are surprisingly easy to discover.

Dr. O. W. Willcox, of New Jersey, has produced a book that may be understandable in America, but to at least one reader was unintelligible. It is riddled with such words as "agronomes," "agrobiology," "perultimate yields of corn-agrotypes." But the general argument seems to be that by the use of an arithmetical equation and a great deal of artificial manure every country in the world, including Britain, could support considerably greater populations than they at present possess. Apart from the obvious economic objections to such excessive self-sufficiency, apart from the question of obtaining our tea, coffee, tropical fruits, early vegetables, eggs and dairy produce when seasonal considerations must lower home production below our requirements at certain seasons of the year (unless we are to have unusable surpluses in the flush periods), this unnatural forcing of the land beyond reasonable limits is contrary to the promptings of modern agricultural research. Artificial manures are a wonderful discovery, but we are finding that they must be used in conjunction with fertilising agents that put a living organism back into the soil. Poultry-sick and sheep-sick land from over-stocking is already becoming a far too common phenomenon, and there is evidence to indicate that mechanised corn farming without organic dung tends to accumulate in the soil a sea of troubles. It takes many years for certain effects to show themselves in the land, and the American experiments on which Dr. Willcox bases his assumptions are so young that, in any case, it would be the height of folly to make such a drastic departure from accumulated wisdom except in experimental plots.

Professor Stapledon is far more cautious. He is all for steady improvement of the land as we go along. His work in clothing the bare tops of the Welsh hills with good pasture is world renowned. He believes, in common with visitors from foreign countries with less fortunate soil conditions than ours, that an immense amount of waste land in Britain could be brought into use, including neglected parts of Dartmoor, Exmoor and the Scottish deer forests. Thousands of acres of other land could be reclaimed from sea and swamp. It is 150 years since such work was attempted in Britain, yet modern developments now make it easier to break in land two or three times as obdurate as that tackled by the pioneers of those days. Professor Stapledon, although his chief work has lain with grass, is an apostle of the plough, for he believes that successful farming to-day is along the lines of making a good sward and then, in time, ploughing it up to cash its stored fertility in corn crops, keeping the land aerated and healthy in the process; then sowing it down to grass again for livestock to restore fertility the corn has taken.

The pastures on the larger part of our cultivated land to-day fall very far short of a possible and practical standard, and Professor Stapledon believes rather in spending money on raising this standard, reconditioning derelict land and buildings, and raising our farm output by such methods, than in financing extensive programmes of land settlement. He estimates that the provision of water supplies and mending broken fences would employ 50,000 men for a year in England and Wales, pulling up docks would employ another 14,900 men for a year, eliminating rabbits and rats 13–14,000, and, in Wales alone, the elimination of bracken on cultivable land would occupy 2,000 men for a year. To improve 1,000,000 acres of cultivated land in Wales and 300,000 acres of rough grazings—all in serious need of attention—would cost, he estimates, £12,000,000, and he shows that it would be money well spent. He ranges over the whole rural scene, and would

Letters of Enlightenment

Taking advantage of a quiet day we glanced through recent correspondence with customers.

There was a letter from Marseilles, which speaks for itself: " In (I think) 1928 and 1929 you made me some clothes. I was then at Kinlochleven, Argyllshire, or else in Lausanne, or else in the South of Spain."

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make national parks, roads and tracks to bring more urban people into contact with the beneficent influences of the countryside. It is a stirring book, dealing with real things, full of fire and imagination, tempered with deep knowledge and common sense. On finishing it, one wishes there were a Minister of Rural Reconstruction, and Professor Stapledon could become that Minister.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

A CLASSIC RE-EXAMINED

The Economics of Alfred Marshall. H. J. DAVENPORT *Oxford University Press.* 18s.

Classical economics has come in lately for a lot of battering, both from antagonists who are thinking chiefly in terms of its original nineteenth-century statement and from those whose immediate acquaintance with its tenets is derived mostly from the works of contemporary neo-classics of Austria, Sweden, and the London School of Economics. No doubt this is a good thing for the economists themselves, though an ability to suffer fools gladly distinguishes them no more than it does other scientists; for it forces them to put every aspect of their theory to a dual test, its internal consistency on given assumptions and the truth of those assumptions to reality. From this recurrent stocktaking classical theory emerges again and again as the most logically complete and consistent system of analysis yet devised, but with a clearer recognition of the artificial or approximate nature of its assumptions, an occasional discarding of obvious errors, and a more acute concentration on obscurities and ambiguities. The tools of analysis take on a keener point and edge; the structure of assumption becomes more realistic and flexible; here and there an Opposition amendment, so to speak, is incorporated in the text, and the whole fabric strengthened thereby.

In this process of examination, consolidation and criticism the late Professor Davenport's last work plays a distinguished part. Alfred Marshall is selected for special study as the most authoritative spokesman of classical theory; and piece by piece, with an assiduity and attention to detail worthy of himself, his work is subjected to the dual test aforesaid. It emerges, and the classical system with it, justified in the main, but with certain logical flaws and unexplained transitions indicated—as it were in red ink—for others to remedy. Most important of these is Marshall's wavering, apparently unconscious, between the real cost basis of the early classics (which Davenport calls the "basement" situation) and the comparative-utility basis of Wicksteed and the neo-classicists generally. Another is the incomplete transition from the classification of the factors of production according to origin to that based on the fixity or otherwise of stock, which gives rise to the separation of long from short period analysis. The logical effects of the doctrine of quasi-rent are pushed to their conclusion with some rather disconcerting results, and the limitations of the ideas of a representative firm and a normal price are pointed out; the first concept appearing as an edged but dangerous tool, the others as theoretically illuminating but objectively impossible to pin down to reality.

The Economics of Alfred Marshall unfortunately bears many signs of the lack of revision due to the death of its author. At the best, his style is trying; odd grammatical constructions, neologisms of almost Teutonic complexity, and extreme abstraction, turning suddenly to colloquialism of uncertain relevance. It is as though the author were overheard thinking aloud, now, as a scientist, working out a complex logical sequence in words coined to fit his own concepts and due for translation later on; now, as an ordinary man, working by the light of common sense, exemplifying his argument in homely day-to-day language. As so often happens on Professor Davenport's side of the Atlantic, the style of the scientist is vile, tortured and amorphous, while that of the colloquial talker is pithy, pungent and telling. Unfortunately, but of course inevitably, the abstract mood predominates, and thus the mere reading of the book, quite apart from the asperities of the subject-matter, can only be described as a penance. No one but a trained and enthusiastic economist should attempt it, on pain of mental confusion and aesthetic distress and depression; but the trained and enthusiastic will not want to miss it, and they will be right.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Spirit of Geneva. By ROBERT DE TRAZ. Foreword by ANDRÉ MAUROIS and SIR DANIEL STEVENSON. Translated by FRED ANN KINDER. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

In this pleasant and sentimental little book Mr. Robert de Traz sketches the development of something vaguely known as the "Spirit of Geneva." He takes us through the centuries from Calvin to the League. The historical chapters are idealistic—ideas throughout the book are assumed to be omnipotent—and based on the "great thinkers" theory of history. Mr. Robert de Traz, for instance, speaks of Rousseau's success in "revolutionising the world," as if this preposterous statement were an accepted fact. The later part of the book chats about the present work of the League: it contains a good deal of incidental information and may be of use as an introduction to the many uninitiated who imagine that the League is merely an institution for the settlement of international disputes. The essay is full of admirable sentiments. A more realistic understanding is shown in several of the jottings which M. Maurois tells us he made while listening to the Assembly. They are not profound, but they are mostly sensible. At Geneva it is usually, but not always, true that "the boldness of his words must be increasingly proportional to the war-budget of the power which the speaker represents."

The First Time I.... Edited and illustrated by THE HON. THEODORA BENSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

There is a decided variety of merit as well as of theme in the thirteen descriptions of first adventures collected here. Two of them stand out conspicuously as examples of humorous portraiture—Miss Antonia White's sketch of her room-mate Trixie on a theatrical tour, and Mr. Gerhardi's of a scandalmongering Englishwoman at a *pension* in Tirol. It seems generous of these two authors to contribute to such a volume as this two characters that most novelists would want to make the most of. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse presents the tricks of a New York literary agent, Mr. Louis Golding describes a little enterprise of betting in Berlin, which he calls "going horse-racing," Mr. Evelyn Waugh recalls his journey to the Arctic, and Mr. Howard Spring the pathetic circumstances of his boyhood holidays in the North. Prince Loewenstein-Wertheim tells of his experiences in a German cadet corps at the end of the war. The volume could hardly be more casual. Alike in editing and in writing it could easily have been made much better.

The Happy Kingdom: A Riviera Memoir. By LOUISE REDFIELD and DONALD C. PEATTIE. *Blackie.* 10s. 6d.

Nice is the fifth largest town in France. That is a fact to be understood by all who want to find what publishers call "the *real* Riviera." The authors of *The Happy Kingdom* go another way about it, and Nice

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SURVEYS and REVIEWS

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is scarcely mentioned in their chronicle of personal felicity among the Alpes Maritimes. Mr. Peattie and his wife have lived for many years —studying local botany and history, producing two children, and minding their own business—in what they here call "the most lavish beauty west of the Vale of Kashmir," and it is hardly a matter for surprise that more than a touch of *bougainvillea* has crept into their writing. It has just that curiously extravagant shade of purple, and the many passages of excellent observation and description would have been more effective in a setting less monotonously florid. But it is obvious that these two have been peculiarly happy in the *gai royaume*, and those with sufficient means to live the simple life without discomfort in one or other of the enchanting hill-villages behind the pleasure-coast, and to descend when the whim is imperative to Rumpelmayer's or the Summer Sporting Club, may well be tempted to follow their example. The authors provide, in fact, one more side to life on the Riviera, but they are no nearer than Baedeker to a full and convincing anatomy. The photographic illustrations are well selected from the enormous available stock; but it is not everybody who would describe Roquebrune as "a bright, scrubbed town that has emerged from the Middle Ages." Roquebrune still smells, and so does the Baie des Anges.

Sea Saga. Edited by L. KING-HALL. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Four generations of a famous family of sailors are here presented by means of their diaries and letters. The log begins soon after the death of Nelson and continues down to 1919, so that the whole modern age of seamanship is covered. James Hall, first of the chroniclers, was a naval surgeon, who witnessed and described the remarkable bombardment of Algiers by a British fleet in 1816. The name of King came into the family by way of a colleague of James Hall's—a naval commander who was advised by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, to make sure of committing adultery with the unhappy Caroline, consort of George the Fourth, sailing in his charge. William, the son of James, was a complete sailor, the recipient of much admonition from his excellent father. He enjoyed at one time the privilege of serving under Jane Austen's admiral-brother, who took his elderly daughters to sea with him, allowing one of them to take command of his ship. Third of the name was Admiral Sir George King-Hall, a stern Evangelical who found himself not seldom up against Jackie Fisher. Sir George was the father of Commander Stephen King-Hall, naturally the last of the family diarists so far. We are given a batch of his boyish letters home, his description of the Jutland battle, and his reflections upon the utter futility of war—a point of view not essentially different from that of at least one of his ancestors.

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A History of the Roman World from A.D. 138 to 337. By H. M. D. PARKER. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

This is the fourth volume to be published of Methuen's History of the Greek and Roman World, and like its predecessors is much more than a brilliant summary of the known facts duly documented. What distinguishes the history from others is its interpretation of the facts, and its clear presentation of the conditions, notably in the provinces of the Empire, which the political and military history of the time discloses. Mr. Parker particularly chooses the weaknesses, especially the military weaknesses, of the Augustan Empire, which if it seemed to be at its zenith under the Antonines was already undermined. The military reforms of Diocletian and Constantine steadied for a time the edifice, but at a cost that reduced the provincials to enslaved drudges toiling to pay for the army and to supply doles for the Roman mob, in which the antique Roman was not to be discerned. Excellent, too, is Mr. Parker's account of the rise of Christianity; and his view that Constantine's conversion was genuine will be difficult to combat, so cogent are the reasons he advances. The volume contains a very full bibliography and some useful maps.

Human Ecology. By J. W. BEWS. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

Human ecology is not so much a new science as a new approach to the many sciences which, in the concluding words of this book, will reveal to us "how and why man is as he is, and how and why he behaves as he does." What Dr. Bews discusses is the relation of man to his environment, environment being taken in so comprehensive a sense that it includes not only that natural environment that while it continually moulds the life of man is continually moulded by man to fit his life, but also that physiological, psychological, economical, sociological, religious and aesthetic environment, which is the outcome of his clash with the world outside himself. It may seem at times that Dr. Bews is stressing the obvious, but as it is the obvious that is so often accidentally or intentionally overlooked, a little stressing is desirable. What he really gives us is a compendium of the various sciences which interpret man's life, and as the bibliography appended to each chapter demonstrates there is little of the recent developments in those sciences he has missed; and his own interpretation of the garnered facts and theories is always pertinent.

Week-end Competitions

No. 304

Set by T. W. Earp

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for three blurbs of not more than 100 words each (the briefer the better) which an enterprising publisher might use to push the sale of:

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1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 17th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 302

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best New Year resolutions (not mere messages) appropriate to each of the following: The Man in the Street; a Member of the Reading Public; a Bright Young Thing; Pro Bono Publico; a Diehard; a Centenarian; and a "Chronic" N.S. Competitor. A deadly seriousness is not insisted upon.

Report by Allan M. Laing

I could say a great deal about this competition and its thirty-one entrants; but I shall take the simpler course of letting the entries speak for themselves, in the following typical resolutions:

THE MAN IN THE STREET:

Not to cross it. ("Comins.")

To keep his feet out of the gutter. (W. Bliss.)

To throw away my bowler hat
And keep a cutie in a flat. (Olwen Lawton.)

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WANTED enterprising lady with small capital to rent interesting furnished club, well situated High St., Oxford, capable of development as Guest House with lunch and tea rooms; 4 large, 4 small rooms, kitchen, offices, bathroom. Box 3, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE Marx Memorial Library and Workers' School requires premises for its Summer Schools in August 1936. Sea or country. Schools with accommodation for 100–200 students are asked to communicate with the Secretary giving full particulars of accommodation, facilities, terms, etc. MARX HOUSE, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

WANTED, in March, an unfurnished flat or house, comprising 1 very large room, or studio, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. Constant hot water, minimum service, and cupboards an advantage. Bloomsbury, Marylebone, Lancaster Gate or Campden Hill. Complete seclusion from neighbours and traffic noise essential. Box 20, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile London, W.C.1.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Readership in Classics tenable at Queen Mary College. Salary £600 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 29, 1936, by the Academic Registrar, University of London S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

BOROUGH OF BEXHILL.

LIBRARIAN.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Librarian at the Council's Reference Library at the De La Warr Pavilion at a commencing salary of £150 per annum. Candidates must not be more than 35 years of age and preference will be given to those with experience in library work and who possess the Diploma of the School of Librarianship or certificates of the Library Association. The post will be a designated one for the purpose of the Local Government and other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications, in own handwriting, stating age, qualifications and previous experience and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be received by the undersigned not later than 22nd January, 1936 endorsed "Librarian."

Canvassing is prohibited.

Town Hall,
Bexhill.
1st January, 1936.

S. J. TAYLOR,
Town Clerk.

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A MEMBER OF THE READING PUBLIC:
To read one uncomfortable book a month. (R. D. C.)
To wash my hands ere I begin
To read these books on modern sin. (Olwen Lawton.)

A BRIGHT YOUNG THING:
With sanctions on gloom, with incarnadined lips,
I'll speed up the Rumba and streamline the hips. (G. Summers.)
. . . But I will give up painting my ribs. (A. W. Sainsbury.)
To study the late Wesley's sermons. (S. W. Green.)
To " take up " the depressed areas. (Meriel Biggs.)

PRO BONO PUBLICO:
To commit suicide *pronto*, P.B.P. (W. Bliss.)
I will become " Mother of Five." (T. Naisby.)
To benefit the public by devoting all his time to his private affairs. (Peter Mahony.)

A DIEHARD:
I resolve to dissolve. (Guy Innes.)
To meditate daily on the amenities of real ditches. (R. D. C.)
To demand that the British ether be kept for home programmes. (" Argon.")
I must construct another ditch beyond the last. (H. C. Riddell.)
To get together a band of healthy, right-minded young fellers 'nd tell 'em to round up all the goddamned bolshies in the British Empire, cart 'em on to a boat, and land 'em in the middle of Asia, and let 'em get on with their goddamned theories there—blast 'em! (Meriel Biggs.)

A CENTENARIAN:
To order the lazy devils in the nineties to hurry up. (" Short Slip.")
I will forget, forget, forget. . . . (M. Chisholm.)
To " cease fighting o' day and foining o' nights and begin to patch up his old body for heaven." (W. Bliss.)
I will not recollect anything before 1840—it's too tiring. (H. C. Riddell.)
To take up skipping. (Meriel Biggs.)

A " CHRONIC " N.S. COMPETITOR:
I'll continue, ne'er knowing what rapture to win is.
With visions of fame and the chance of two guineas. (G. Summers.)
I'll beat that fellow Bliss if I have to sit up fifty-two nights to do it. (B. R. Gibbs.)
I will leave off saying, as I turn despondently to the end of the paper, on Friday, and read the winning entries: " It's not bad. But it's not as clever as mine." But I shall go on thinking it. (A. W. Sainsbury.)
Guineas I scorn, of judges I've no fear:
So I'll compete, for fun, another year. (S. R. Nicol.)
I resolve to solve. (Guy Innes, who tells me this is a " Bullseye.")
To ask the dear editor out to dinner
Then stab him unless he makes me a winner. (O. Lawton.)
I will recognise the merits of the Competition Editor, even though he continues to ignore mine. (Sir Robert Witt.)
To some good cause to give my brains
And also all my gambler's gains. (S. W. Green.)
To demand a bi-weekly issue. (" Argon.")
I shall continue to pretend I could always win if I wanted to: it gives me confidence. (H. C. Riddell.)
Hoping to find competitions more suited to my exceptional powers, I will resolutely cease to hope to find competitions more suited to my exceptional powers. (T. Naisby.)

One competitor adds an eighth resolution for my own particular benefit, which runs: " Cheer up. Vita brevis."

And now for the prize-winners. Without any hesitation, I put " Little Billee " first; but I had a very uncomfortable half-hour before I made up my mind to award the second prize to E. W. Fordham. Only the skin of his teeth separated his entry from those of the runners-up: Olwen Lawton, Meriel E. D. Biggs, and S. W. Green. I particularly deplore the fact that Mr. Fordham, misled by a typographical illusion, imagines that the " chronic " competitor would have a better chance if I were " put away."

FIRST PRIZE

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

THE MAN IN THE STREET:
To keep out of the Road—taking care that his daily journeys do not bring him into the Weekly Returns.
A MEMBER OF THE READING PUBLIC:
To keep out of the Publisher's Bad Books—not letting his heart go too much into his Boots.
A BRIGHT YOUNG THING:
To keep out of the Light—above all, out of the Limelight.
PRO BONO PUBLICO:
To keep out of the press—holding back in letter as well as in spirit.
A DIEHARD:
To keep out of the Last Ditch—which provides a Soft Death, after all.
A CENTENARIAN:
To keep his second foot out of the Grave—and his best still forward.
A " CHRONIC " N.S. COMPETITOR:
To keep out of *my* way—in approaching the realms of Bliss.

" LITTLE BILLEE "

SECOND PRIZE

THE MAN IN THE STREET:
To ignore newspaper placards, especially after mid-day.
A MEMBER OF THE READING PUBLIC:
Not to steal more than 50 Book Tokens.
A BRIGHT YOUNG THING:
To remember that brightness dazzles, and that to be dazzled is mighty offensive.
PRO BONO PUBLICO:
That this correspondence must now cease.
A DIEHARD:
To live and let live.
A CENTENARIAN:
Never to explain how he became one.
A " CHRONIC " N.S. COMPETITOR:
To get Allan M. Laing painlessly put away.

E. W. FORDHAM

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 159.—MR. TRIMMER

In New Paradise politics have ceased to be of serious account. There is a Cabinet of 31 members, but the man-in-the-street is not interested in its composition. The three parties—National Preservative, National Leadable, and National Solecist—arrange among themselves who shall govern.

This year the Cabinet is about to be reconstructed. Each party has its list of candidates for office, though in many cases—political conscience in New Paradise being an elastic affair—names are transferred from one list to another. The leaders of the parties have met and decided not to bother about an election. Six cards will be prepared, each bearing a different number, the total of the six numbers being 31. These will be placed in a hat. The leader of the National Preservative party will draw three cards from the hat, the leader of the National Leadable party two cards, and the leader of the National Solecist party one card. Each party will then have seats in the Cabinet according to the numbers on the cards drawn.

This scheme, it should be noted, gives the three parties chances of a majority in the Cabinet (and therefore a decisive say in the formulation of policy) which are respectively $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{6}$. This fact, however, is of mathematical but not of political significance, since the policies of all three parties are the same.

Mr. Trimmer, an ex Prime Minister, has been approached by all three parties. The National Preservatives have offered him the twelfth place on their list. The National Solecists have offered him the fourth place. The National Leadables have invited him to toss a coin with his grandfather (who has recently joined that party) to decide which of them shall be seventh on its list. Whoever loses the toss will be eighth.

Mr. Trimmer's sole objective is office. *Which party should he join?*

PROBLEM 157.—COMESTIBLES

By setting out, in the form of a table, the names of donors, recipients and presents, and eliminating successively such possibilities as are known or inferred to be contrary to the data, it is readily deduced that *Mr. Beer sent Whiskey to Mr. Turkey.*

This ranks as " the most popular problem ever." I have already opened about 300 correct solutions.

PROBLEM 156.—FOR FOOTBALL FANS

Like one of its predecessors in the same vein—I forget for the moment which—this problem was faultily constructed. With the laudable object of making it difficult, I took out one datum too many; result, a multiplicity of solutions—how many, I should not like to say. All solutions which conform to the data will, of course, be accepted as correct.

The full analysis of the problem sent by many solvers suggests a special competition. *I will give a prize of £1 1s. 0d. for the best original problem of the " Football League " type submitted to me by Jan.* 31. Problems may be sent in the same envelope as competitors' solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

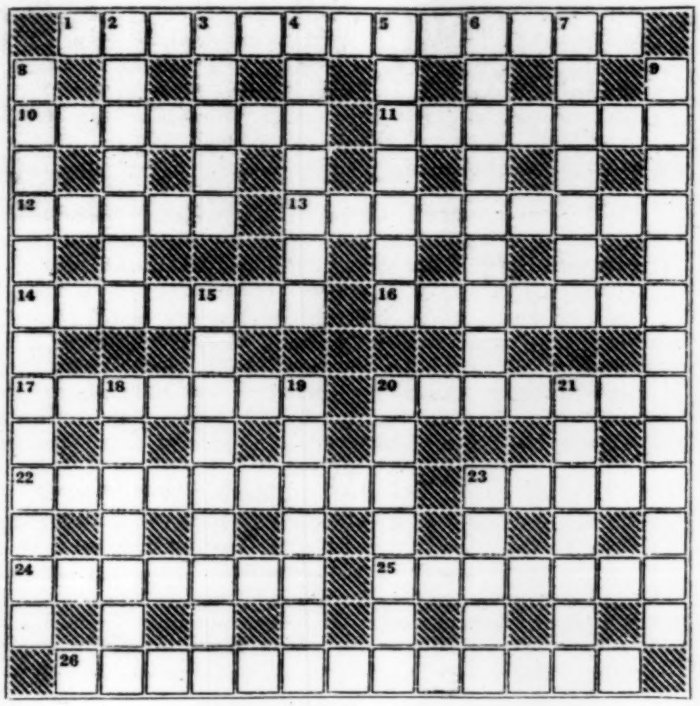
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 305

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
J. Ellis Elder, Balgowrie, Pinner, Middlesex

ACROSS—

1. Monarch correctly coloured.

10. Men often go up them to put colour on.

11. A light little drink to keep one warm.

12. Dark deeds.

13. Is this the one Little Boy Blue blew or was he it?

14. Calls the faithful to prayer.

16. Japanese stone in water.

17. Go to meeting vehicle for hounds.

20. Dancing drunkenly.

22. Describes a frosty journey.

23. The artist might use it in a brown study.

24. If these counters were birds they would be tits.

25. Does the foreman use a periscope to do it?

26. Bride's bloom.

DOWN

2. Everlasting fading process.
3. Scrappy sort of meal.
4. Coloured flags that are not irises.
5. They no doubt put colour on canvas for the Ordnance Survey.
6. You might expect this plant to please the pipe smoker.
7. If you go in you might get this return.
8. Uncoloured extremes.
9. Not the place for Jaques's library.
15. The colour of spring.
18. Puck suggested that he could be an earthly member of a City Company.
19. The street is up round about where I am.
20. Suitable toy for a King of Shreds and Patches to give his daughter.
21. The painter's laying it on thickly.
23. They go to ground to get a living so to speak.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	O	U	T	H	E	N	D	O	N	S	E	A	■
N	■	P	■	E	■	N	■	R	■	O	■	X	■	B
E	T	E	R	N	A	L	■	A	M	M	E	T	E	R
W	■	N	■	N	■	I	■	W	■	I	■	R	■	I
S	P	I	C	E	■	G	O	L	D	C	O	A	S	T
O	■	N	■	S	■	H	■	■	■	■	■	C	■	I
U	R	G	E	S	■	T	O	N	■	G	A	T	E	S
T	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	Y	■	R	■	■	■	H
H	Y	T	H	E	■	N	R	A	■	E	M	B	O	G
W	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	R	■	U
A	N	D	A	L	U	S	I	A	■	N	G	A	M	I
L	■	P	■	O	■	A	■	L	■	W	■	W	■	A
E	T	O	N	I	A	N	■	A	T	I	T	L	A	N
S	■	L	■	R	■	P	■	N	■	C	■	E	■	A
■	H	E	R	E	F	O	R	D	S	H	I	R	E	■

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